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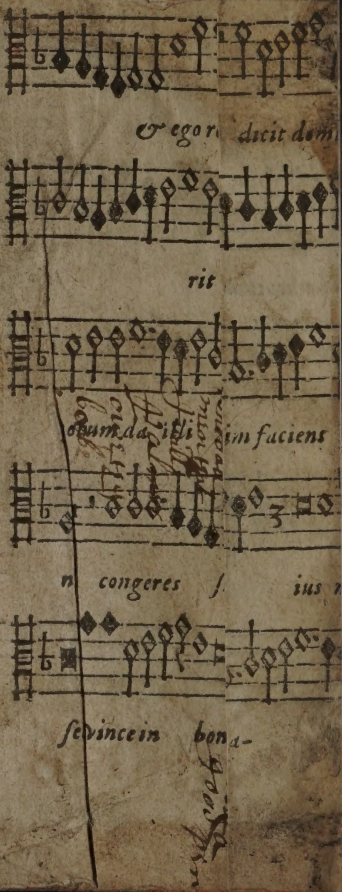
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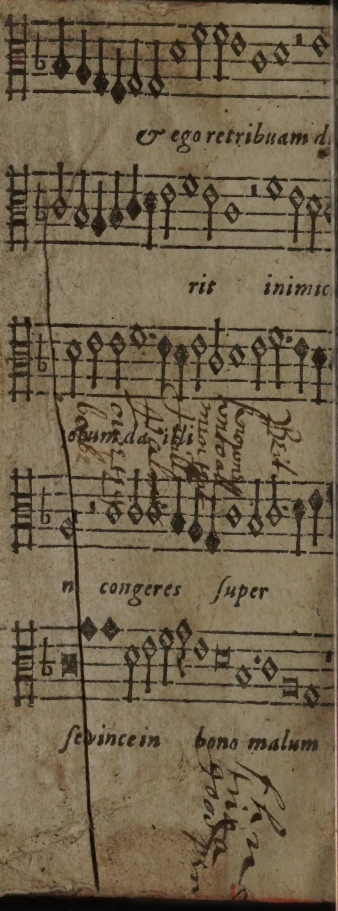
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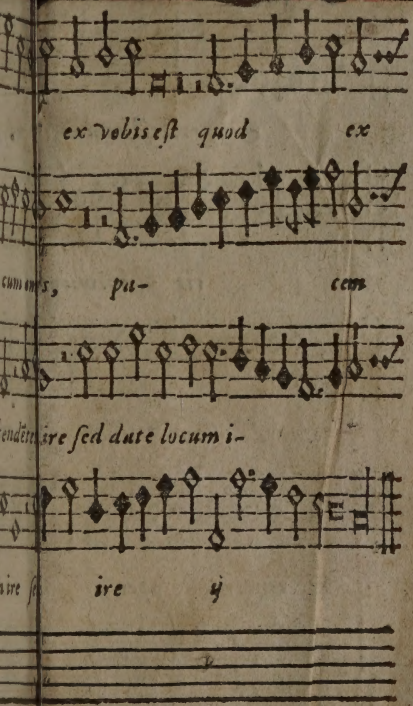
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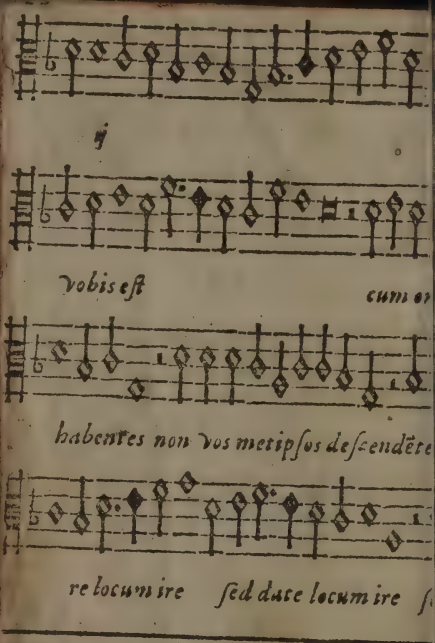
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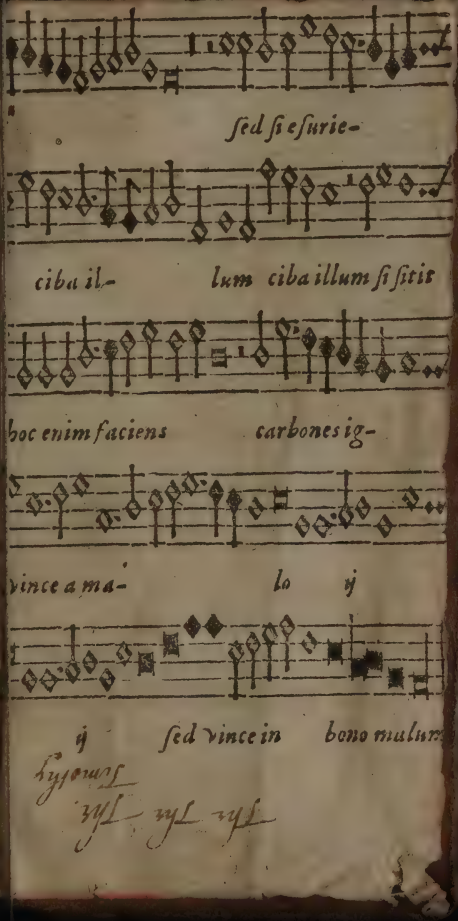
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A MAP OF THE MICROCOSME, OR, A Morall Description OF MAN.

Newly compiled into ESSAYES:

By H. BROWNE.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis: hic aliter non fit Avite liber. Martial. Ep. l. 1.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Harper*, for *John Williams*, and are to be sold at the Holy Lamb in Pauls Churchyard. 1642.

WELLCOME
PICAL
MEDICAL
BRARY

To THE RIGHT HONOURABLE *William*

Lord Marqueſs and Earle of *Hartford*, Viſcount *Beauchamp*, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath, one of his Majeſties Moſt Honourable privie Councell, and Lord Governour to the Prince his Highneſs.

Right Honourable, the great glory of your name, and unparalleled goodneſſe of your nature, have not invited,

but inforced the readiest affections of my mind, like so many winged messengers, to flye to your most honoured Lordship, in most humble acknowledgement of that unspeakable duty and service I owe to your most noble linage, which if I should forget, I were worthy, as Alexander *once served one, to bee branded in the forehead with* Ingratus Hospes. *My Father had this small Parsonage he now enjoyes through the meanes of the Right Honorable your Lordships grand father of famous memory, whose deserts were so great that Vertue and Fortune seemed to contend for the*

pre-

preheminence in crowning them: had he no ſtatue erected for him, his great memory is marble to it ſelf, and his goodneſſe is its owne Monument ſufficient to conſecrate his name to perpetuity. Hee is gone, Majore noſtro cum damno quàm ſuo, (*as* Suetonius *ſaid of* Titus) *his ſoule accompanyed with the winged hoaſt of heaven is fled to her Maker, and is clothed with the glorious robes of immortality and perfect glory in heaven; where I leave his bleſſed ſoule, and returne to your Lordſhip, who makes mee weigh my thoughts as it were in a ballance, whether*

I should conceive more griefe for the death of your Lordships grandfather, or more joy for enjoying your Lordship, who now shines in the upper Region of honour and authority: certainly 'tis fit they should be equall. Seeing then my joy is nothing diminished, I am bold humbly to crave your Lordships propitious favor so much as to shroud this my brood (now offered with the young Eagles at the altar of your Sunne) under your Honours powerfull wings; that like the Sparrow which fled into the Philosopher Zenocrates *his bosome from the talons of the perspicacious Hawke,*

Hawke, it may be protected from the poysonous teeth of black-mouth'd Momus, *in this critical, carping and censorious age. As* Apelles *when he painted* Bucephalus, *appealed to none but* Zeuxis: *so I appeale from the judgement of all men to your Lordships approbation, without which this meane worke of mine may be compared, as* Plato *compared many writing* Adonidis hortis, *writings that were of short continuance,* Scombros metuentia scripta. *Your most noble name, honoured of all sorts of men, being stamped in this leaden peece of my phantasie, will make it cur-*

rant: and as Phidias *his Images were wont to be respected for the makers sake not for the stuffe: so your Honour will make this Image, and gain respect unto it; for unlesse your Lordship were* ultima perfectio & forma hujus materiæ, *I might well say with* Theognis,

Πρήξας δὺκ ἔπρηξα καὶ ὐκ ἐτέλεσσα τελέσσας,
Agens verò non egi, & non finivi finiens.

I should never have presumed to crave your Honourable patronage of these first fruits of my poore endeavours, or but offered them to your judicious view; but that I trust you will

will favourably accept the will for the deed, because Voluntas est mensura actionum. *It is enough for little Birds to be* ὠόβοτκα, *it is required of beasts that are bigger Characters in the booke of Nature, to bee* ζωόβοτκα: *For obscure and poore men that were not able to sacrifice a living Bull, the Gentiles deemed it sufficient if they did but* Taurum e farina fingere. Artaxerxes *did graciously accept of a fist-full of water from the hand of poor* Cynætas. *And ambitious* Alexander *the Great, would* parva libenter accipere.

I hope therfore (most Noble Lord) that as the great glory of your powerfull name is able to dispell the foggy mists of my weakneſſe, ſo your goodneſſe which exceeds your greatneſſe will excuſe my boldneſſe: So ſhall I rejoyce more then the old Arcadians did to ſee nights ſable canopy removed, and heavens great ſpye, the Sunne, ſhine in his ſphere againe; and I will alwayes praiſe the Lord of Lords for your earthly honour, praying for increaſe thereof, beſeeching him to multiply his richeſt bleſſings upon your Honour here, and to give you the incorruptible

ruptible Crowne of glory hereafter.

Your Lordſhips
loyall and moſt
humble ſer-
vant,

Humphry Browne.

Ad Lectorem.

Cupio, si fieri potest, propitiis auribus quid sentiam dicere: Sin minus, dicam & iratis.

Senec. Epist. 59.

A

Map of the Microcosme:

OR,

A morall description of

MAN.

Newly

Compiled into

ESSAIES.

MAN is the *masterpiece* of GODS workmanshippe, the great miracle and monument of Nature, both for externall transcendencies and

and inward faculties. He is the abstract, modell, and briefe story of the universe. Hee is the Analysis or resolution of the greater world into the lesse, the Epitome of that huge Tome, that great Manuscript of Nature, wherein are written the Characters of Gods omnipotency and power, the little Lord of that great Lordship the World. In a word, he is Gods Text, and all other creatures are commentaries upon it. Heaven resembles his soule, earth his heart, placed in the middest as a center, the liver like the sea, from whence the lively

lively springs of blood doe flow, the braine giving light and understanding, is like the Sunne; the senses set round about like starres. The World is a great Man, and a man is a little world; as one wittily:

Est Microcosmus homo, venæ sunt flumina, corpus Terra, oculi duo sunt lumina, silva caput.

The soule of man is Immortall. And as *Aristotle* by the light of Nature saith, λείπεται δὴ τὸν νοῦν, &c. *Restat ut mens sola extrinsecus acced t, eaque sola divina sit, nihil enim*

Lib. de gen. anim. c. 3.

enim cum ejus actione communicat actio corporalis. The body of man is mortall, but so symmetriously composed, as if nature had lost it selfe in the harmony of such a feature. *Omnium animãtium formam vincit hominis figura.* The forme of all living creatures is without forme, compared to the excellent figure and composition of man. Man is called in the Hebrew *Adam*, from *Adamah*, which signifies red earth, not that solid part of it, but the britlest dust. His body onely is mortall, and that onely *per accidens*, occasioned by his diso-

Cicero 1. de nat. deorum.

disobedience, not by creation, a false perswasion of his immortality, made him become mortall, by the fond desire of knowing more then hee did, his eyes were opened, but his sight was blemished. He knew indeed Ἔσθλα τε καὶ τὰ χερείονα. Those things that were good, & those things that were evill: but he had the speculative knowledge in the former, the practicall onely in the latter. An Apple kindled flames of dissention in Greece, which was like *Catilines* incendium, being extinguished with ruine. Two pretty toyes, an Apple and

Homer. Odyss.

and a woman made man bee disinherited of immortality; so that in a moment hee is throwne downe from the pinacle and spire of all his glory, and is no better then the Poet calls him, σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. Man is a shadow, a dreame, or a dreaming shadow. I have said enough of him, for hee reades daily Lectures of his imperfection.

A learned Man.

A Learned man is the beſt chararacter in the world, Gods great book in Folio. He is a God in the ſhape of man, when one that is rude, ſhut up in the darke dungeon of ignorance, is but a beaſt in the ſhape of man. Learning is ſo tranſcendent and ſuperexcellent Angelicall a gift, that a man is a man and no man which wants it. It is to be eſteemed far above gold or any pretious ſtones digged

digged out of the bowels of the earth. A needy scholar, whose wealth lies all in his braine, is better then a sheep with a golden Fleece (as *Diogenes* once said of a rich Idiot) for the one wants money, the other humanity. The one is alive, the other dead. The one is in no feare of losing his riches, when they are in him; the other is in feare of losing himselfe when he is in his riches. Let not any one who is of a noble progeny, say, I shall shine like a starre in the worlds firmament, without the rare influence of *Mercurius*; neither

τὸν πλούσιον ἀμαθῆ πεζὸν εἶπε χρυσόμαλλον. Diog. Laert.

ther let any man say, *In rure paterno,*

Est mihi far modicum purum & sine labe salinum: Persius Sat. 5.

I have a faire inheritance in my fathers countrey: what need I ——

Nocturnis impallescere chartis, contract paleneſſe to my ſelfe by ſtudy; or taſte of pale *Pirene*, that Acrocorinthian Fountaine, in love unto the Muſes? It is better to be *Doctus in libris*, then *Dives in libris*, learned in bookes then rich in pounds; although the Poet ſaid:

Dummodo ſit dives, barbarus ille placet:

For

For *Aristotle's* lecture was in these wordes: Τὴν παιδείαν ἔλεγεν ἐν μὲν ταῖς εὐτυχίαις εὖ κόσμον, ἐν δὲ ταῖς ἀτυχίαις, καταφυγήν: Learning, said he, is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity. It is wealth to the poor, and treasure to the rich. *Alexander* the Great made so great account of learning, that he thought himself more bound to *Aristotle* for his learning, then to his Father *Philip* for his life. This great Monarch of the world, in the triumphant conquest of *Thebes*, sold all free men (Priests onely excepted) & commanded his Souldiers neither

neither to damnifie *Pindarus* the Poet, nor any of his family. *Pirrhus*, that great vaunter of his victories, confessed, that *Cyneas*, his great favourite, got more by his learning, then hee by his sword. Learning is never without glory; *Mercurius* is never farre distant from *Phœbus*. It is hard, & almost inaccessible to be as *Hippias Eleus* was, a living Library of learning, and a walking Vatican of wit, ignorant of nothing that is by humane industry comprehensible. *Ex quolibet ligno non fit Mercurius.* I cannot but praise them

Quintilian. (lib. 12 Orat.

who are adorned with this incomparable Pearl. And I will not altogether dispraise them that want it. For the Asse of all beasts, is ἀμυσότατος, dull and stupid; notwithstanding, out of his bones are made the best Pipes. Rich fools, which are but golden Asses, although eliminated themselves from the quire of the Muses, yet by their gold many excellent Scholars are nourished up in learning, who sacrifice pure inventions to the Muses. Our sottish and idle Enthusiasts are to be reproved therefore, who call humane learning

ing but *Splendidum peccatum*. They are sure the Coblers disciples, stitching together tales of Tubbes in Tubbes. They must either deny any truth to be in humane learning, or else they ought to honour it Lacedemonian like, crediting the sentence, though rejecting the Authour if bad. They cannot deny truth to bee in prophane Authours. It was true which *Menander* the Poet spake before the Apostle ever wrote it to the Church of Corinth, φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρησθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί. Evill words corrupt good manners.. There

is but one truth, and wherefoever it is found, it must not bee rejected. If they honour not humane learning then, so far as it is profitable and true, I leave them to bee hissed at, as unworthy ever to bee entred into Wise mans Colledge. And as *Pierius* his daughters were turned into Mag-pies for speaking against the Muses; so let them be accounted of all men, but as railing phanaticall Momes, and black-mouth'd Curres, void of reason and humanity. *Cicero* said, hee would rather erre with *Plato*, then conceive the truth

truth aright with other. But I would have all men honor learning, as joyn'd with truth and infallibility, even as *Aristotle* honoured his Master *Plato*. Some may object and say, It is a part of great presumption in me, who am of so few yeares, and small experience, to attempt the painting forth of learning, when there bee so many lively pictures thereof drawne already, of which I may say with *Zeuxis*, more will envie then imitate. I confesse I am an unworthy Herald to proclame the fame of learning when my Cabinet

enshrineth least of this invaluable treasure; and I know you cannot know me by my lines to bee a cunning and accurate Artificer, as *Protogines* did *Apelles*. Where therefore my pensill fails me to limb in so curious a portraiture, I will play *Timanthes*, and shadow with a vaile.

A Lustfull Man.

A Lustfull Man is so married to his uncleane affections, that hee is marred by them, and becomes a Monster, using

Humano capiti Cervicem jungere equinam. Horat. l. de Arte Poet.

Hee continually courts the Lady *Venus*, who dwels at the signe of the Ivie Bush: And as *Antonius* was so bewitched with *Cleopatra*, who dranke an *Vnion* to him, that *Vnam Cleopatram, & spiraret & loqueretur*: so the luxurious man is Plutarch. in vita Anton.

so bewitched with this lazie Lady, that *Vnicam Venerem & spirat & loquitur*; *Venus* only is his discourse, and the Book of Physickes that hee too much studies. This kinde man increaseth mankinde, not for love to the end, but to the meanes. Hee is so sensuall, that hee hath more command over wilde beasts, then his owne unruly and beastly affections, as one said of *Hercules*:

Owen Ep. *Lenam non potuit, potuit superare Leænam*
Quem Fera non valuit vincere, vicit Hera.

Hee is a Salamander, living

ving continually in the flames of lust; and hee will still love, not leave any *Lais*, though hee buyes repentance at a deare rate: He is Planet-struck with every rare female, and hee will become a Planet too, wandring farre from the way of honesty (which hee never could finde) if there bee not *concordia formæ atque pudicitiæ* in her. He is the *Vulcan* which picks the lockes of Virginity; and hee commends women no longer then hee commands them. Hee honours the Pope as Patron of his sinne, which he counts veniall, at least

venall. Hee is the womens Kalender from seventeene to thirty, if he scapes burning so long. Hee is still in the Optative mood, when not in the Conjunction. Hee dries up his radicall moisture with the fire of his lust: so that

His haires and sinnes hee cannot equall call:
For as his sinnes increase, his haires doe fall.

Venus was begot of *Neptunes* scumme, and therefore called *Aphrodite*, as Poets fain, *propter naturam seminis spumosam*. Shee is called *Heroa* ἀπὸ τῆς ὁράσεως, *à visione*, because *oculi sunt in amore*

amore duces. The eyes are the windowes to let in luſt to the ſoul: where like a ſubterraneous fire, it breakes forth with unſpeakable vehemencie and fierceneſſe, never ſatisfied ſo long as a Whore is the Horizon of the ſight; the heart is the center of uncleane and polluted affections. *Protogines* portrayed *Venus* with a Spunge, ſprinkled with ſweet water; but if once ſhee wrung it, it would drop bloud. Shee is not unwittily compared to *Chimæra*: for as *Chimæra* is conceived to have the head of a Lion, the belly

of

of a Goat, and the taile of a Dragon: so venereous lust in the beginning, hath the fierceneſſe of a Lion; in the middle, the lechery of a Goat; in the end the venome of a Dragon. *Ariſtotles* counſell was, to behold pleaſures, *Non venientes, ſed abeuntes*: Not as they come with pleaſure, but as they goe with paine. Sweet ſents are dedicated to *Venus*, and ſowre ſawce alſo followes her. Whoſoever is allured by the pleaſant fragance of this fading flower, Beauty, (which is the eyes Idoll) like a Goat, taken with a fond deſire of the Panthers

thers pleasantnesse, hee comes neerer and neerer to her, till he be destroyed by her: not unlike the tall trees in *Ida*, which allured many to rest in them, under their shadow, & then infect them with their sent. I could wish that all men would imitate *Cyrus*, a most noble and valiant King of Persia, endued with such continencie, that he loathed to looke on the heavenly hiew of *Panthea*, notwithstanding *Arastus* told him, the beauty of all others was eclipsed by her incomparable feature. By so much the more, sayd *Cyrus*, may I be

be wounded with *Cupids* quiver, and in loving her I should lose the Majesty of a King. When *Venus* riseth, *Phœbus* setteth: Love never riseth, but when glorious Majesty setteth. *Venus* is a Goddesse that has no Deity where discretion reignes.

Ovid. Met. l. 3. *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur Majestas & amor*——

The Poets fained *Iupiter* through love, or rather lust, to have assumed any forme: hee turned himselfe into the shape of *Amphitrio* and a golden showre to betray *Alcmena* and *Danae*: *Et Taurus, Cygnus, Satyrusq;*

Nat. Comes 2. Myth. c. 1. Ælian. m Var. Hist. l. 13. c. 31.

ob

ob amorem Europæ, Lêdes Antiopæ. More worship the Planet *Venus*; then *Mercurius*: *Theodota* was in more request then *Socrates*. But hee that desires to saile happily on this Sea, the world, must play Parthian warre with bewitching Syren-like Harlots.

Sed fuge: tutus adhuc Parthus ab hoste fuga est:

Let him flye idlenesse, which is the first shaft *Cupid* shoots into the hot liver of a fond Lover: let him shunne opportunity as his Bawd, and occasion as his Pandor.

Let

Let him follow this counsell;

Ne sedeas sed eas, ne pereas per eas.

If he refuses to keep the nest of lust warme, the pernitious brood of actuall follies will not bee hatched: Fewell also must bee with-drawne from this fire, fasting spettle must kil this Serpent, which like the Serpent *Sardinius*, makes men dye laughing. *Sine Cerere & Bacchо friget Venus*: where there is cleanneſſe of teeth, there is no filthineſſe of body. *Crates* the Theban preſcribed λίμον, χρόνον, βρόχον, Hunger, Time, an Halter, signi-

Terentius

signifying, thereby, that if present hunger, or length of time, quench not this flame in any man, he is worthy to bee hanged. Wound *Venus* therefore with *Diomedes* in *Homer*, least *Venus* wound thee.

A factious Hypocrite.

A Factious Hypocrite is Satans close Factor, and Gods open professour, an outward Christian, an inward Divell; according to the proverb the Grecians had of

of *Philo Iudæus* (ἢ Πλάτων Φίλονιζει: ἢ Φίλων Πλατονίζει) Either P*lato* followeth P*hilo* or P*hilo* imitateth P*lato*. *Mutato nomine de te*. Either the hypocrite followeth the Divell, or the Divel the Hypocrite. *Intus Nero, foris Cato, totus ambiguus, monstrum est*. Cruell *Nero* within, grave *Cato* without, alwayes double, and a monster. Like the Dragons of Armenia, that have cold bodies, and yet cast fire out of their mouthes: like pepper, hot in the mouth, cold in the stomack. The mouth of a painted hypocrite tells all men, that his zeale is

in

in the torrid Zone, when indeed his owne heart conceives that the frigid Zone may well chalenge it. *Astutum rapido serrat sub pectore vulpem.* His in-side is lined with Fox furre, his out-side is of Sheepes wooll: He is a dunghill covered over with snow, whereon if the Sunne of a cleare judgement doth but reflect his resplendent beames, it will yeeld so many noysome exhalations, that are enough to infect a kingdome. All vertues are as parallell lines to him, and therefore two of them cannot bee coincident in his Persius.

his heart as the Center. Formall preciſenes holds the doore as a Porter, whiles legions of Divels dance within. Hee is on Sunday like the *Rubrick* or Sunday letter, zealouſly red; and if his other occaſions will permit him, hee will then dance after the Fiddle of ſome baſe Mechanicke of the fraternity; (who with his phantaſticke vaine conceits, brainſicke dreames, forged revelations, and inſpired nothings, adulterates Truth, the very ſpouſe of the underſtanding) but all the weeke you may write his deeds in blacke, he being a Stu-

dent in the Divels Academy. He is a book with a painted cover, bescribled with many blacke Characters of mischiefe, written with the Divels owne hand, and throughly read of very few. His tongue writes volumes of dissimulation in folio, and himselfe is a Christian hardly in *decimo sexto*. *Plutarch* writeth, that the Amphictyones in Greece, a famous Councell, assembled of twelve sundry people, wrote upon the Temple of *Apollo Pythius*, in stead of the Iliads of *Homer*, or songs of *Pindarus*; short sentences and memoratives,

as

as, *Know thy selfe*, *use moderation*, *beware of Suretiship*, and the like. These Hypocrites are delighted with large tiring discourses, if the fruit of their owne braines, and they will bee sure to observe the last of those 3. sentences: for their words are precise', their deeds concise; like a loose hung Mill, they keepe great clacking, but grinde no grist. They are all for dead faith; and rather then they wil be thought to hold good works meritorious, they will doe none at all. They have more Divinity then Humanity & will rather give

a distressed neighbour a *Pater noster* then a peny, cloying his stomack with texts against sloath and beggery: as if an hungry soule were like *Charles* of Prage, who supped often with the dishes in *Plato's* banket, a few Sentences and Arguments in the Schooles. They are so little guilty of the Papists errour, in holding good works meritorious, that I may say and not slander them, the fire of zeale dries up the deaw of Charity. There bee some hypocrites who deny all humane inventions, except their owne, and raile at ceremonies for

for trifles, when indeed their piety is but a ceremony, outward not inward. They mislike all set formes of prayer, and worship only the Calves of their owne lips, extemporary non-sense. These are factious Schismaticks possessed with the spirit of contradiction, supposing like him in *Tully*, great learning and eloquence to be in contradiction. *Disertus esse possem si contra iste dicerem.* They are meere Antipodes to order, when they should stand they'l kneel, and when they should kneele, to shew all their uprightnesse at once, they will

Tusculan Quæst. l. 1.

will ſtand: therefore they deſerve to fall. They pray long in the Church, and if they can conveniently, they will prey on the Church. They turne ſound preaching into a ſound of preaching, prating. Like empty Cymbals they ſound for emptineſſe, being but vaine ſymbols of ſchiſme: they are bad conſonants in truth; and I could wiſh, they were Mutes in falſhood. As *Phydias* made all pictures with one face, ſo they paint all vertues, which ſquare not with their brainſicke humours, with vices face, thinking themſelves to

be the sole elect, though true piety, pitty, honesty and the like, are *in gradu incompossibili* to them, and they to heaven. They seeme so confident of their salvation, that with the Swan they sing Anthemes of apparant joy at their departure hence: But I am afraid, they leave this world the welhead of salt teares, and goe to hell in a golden dream of heaven.

A covetous Wretch.

THe covetous misers thoughts are stil golden, and his minde is never elevated above his Mine. He thinkes gaine to be godlinesse, crying it up with *Demetrius* as his great *Diana*. He likes our Religion best, because 'tis best cheape; he smells this Maxime well every where, *Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*. As the Ostrich disgests iron, so can his conscience any gold, howsoever gotten. He subordinates al things both Divine and humane

Iuven. Sat. 14.

Sueton.

to gaine; and with *Vespasian* he conceives no way to be indirect to it. Hee would flay an Asse for his skin; and like *Hermocrates* dying would make himselfe his owne executor: for cetain he is made administrator to his good name while hee is alive, for it dies long afore him, without a funeral. When insatiable avarice steeres the will, and sits in the heart as Queene-regent, she is attended on with impiety, want of charity, envy, dishonesty, infamy, and the like, as her maids of dishonour. This wretched muck worme seldome surfets with excesse

ceſſe of cheere: For at home he eateth more for preſent need, then future health: *Corpus extenuat ut lucrum extendat*: hee defraudes his *Genius*, and is in debt to backe and belly for lucres ſake. *Chius* like he will fill the beſt wine to others, and drinke the lees himſelfe, his deſire being to fill his Coffers, and to put his belly into his purſe: for parcimony and ſlender diet are the chiefeſt vertues commended in his Ethickes: but another mans table ſharpneth his appetite, and if hee ever ſurfet, 'tis then. Hee doth ſo accuſtome himſelfe to

baſeneſſe, that it becomes his nature. Hee eſteemes the mockes and hiſſes of the people a vaine frivolous matter, and daſhes it by the contemplation of his mony in his cheſt.

Juven. Sat. 14. *Quid enim ſalvis infamia nummis?* If his money be ſafe, hee counts infamy an idle thing not to be eſteemed. All things beſides his rusty coine, ſeeme nothing to him he with it, ſeemes nothing to others, and without it he is nothing to himſelfe, becauſe his mony is his *ultima perfectio*, and the very *ratio formalis* of his ſoule: for hee hath a leaſe of his wits onely during the

the continuance of his wealth, which makes him an Artist. His Rhetoricke is how to keepe him out of the Subsidy: his Logicke is to prove heaven in his Chest: his Geometry is to measure the goodnes of any thing by his owne profit: his Arithmetick is in Addition and Multiplication onely: his Physicke is to administer gold to his eye, though he starve his body: his Musick is, Sol re me fa, *sola res me facit*, that which makes me, makes mee merry. Divinity hee hath none, but *Sculptura* is his *Scriptura*; and hee hath so many

gods as Images of coine. The earth is his heaven, and the golden Angels are his gods, in whose sight consists his beat-ificall vision. If his purse be light, his heart is heavie; and if his purse be filled, hee is filled with more cares, *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam majorumq; fames. Tantalus* like hee is never satisfied: for his φιλαργυρία doth *Senectute juvenescere.* He thinkes it just to deduct from a servants wages the price of an halter, which hee cut to save the wretch when hee had hung himselfe at the fall of the market. There is no man poorer then

Horatius. Quo plus sunt potæ plus sitiunt aquæ.

then himselfe, *Magnas inter opes inops*: he is poor being rich. For as *Seneca*, *pauper est non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit.* Hee is not poore who hath little, but that covets more. Hee is like the tempestuous Sea between *Scilla* and *Charybdis*, agitated with contrary windes and waves. Desire, distrust, *Spemque metumque inter*, hee is cruelly tormented and excrutiated, as if he were in *Phalaris* his brazen Bull, or *Æmilius Censorinus* his brazen Cow: for the desire of getting infinite riches, is a spurre to his sides; and riches got-

ten, are as thornes to his eyes. *Misera est magni custodia census.* The custody of great substance hath still equall misery to accompany it: so that I may well say, *Avarus nemini bonus, sibi verò pessimus*, a covetous wretch is good to no man, worst to himselfe, κακὰ ἐφ' ἑαυτὸ ἕλκων ὡς ὁ κακίας γέφος, drawing to himselfe evils, as the Northeast winde doth clouds. *Fulgentius* observes, that king *Midas*, who desired *Apollo*, that every thing which he touched might be turned into gold, is so called, *quasi* μηδὲν εἰδὼν, knowing nothing: but if he

Juven.

My. hol. l. 2.

hee knew nothing, how could he covet so much? for *Ignoti nulla cupido.* Certainly hee knew enough, though hee was no Graduate in the liberall Sciences; but of that which was *sibi convenient*, hee was utterly ignorant; his understanding therein being as blinde as his will. Every *Midas* is a fit instrument for Satan to effect any mischievous designes, because his piety is always overswayed by his profit: And as the children of Israel forsooke God, and worshipped the Golden Calfe, so hee will leeve χρυσὸν and embrace χρυσὸν: This miser

Arist. l. 2. Ethic. c. 7. ser cannot abide to heare of restitution; he doth exceed in receiving, but is very deficient in giving; like the Christmas earthen boxes of Apprentices, apt to take in money, but hee restores none till hee bee broken like a potters vessell into many shares, and then the Divell will have his wicked soule, the worms his leane Karkasse, which will scarce affoord them a breakfast; and some unthrifty heire the golden web which hee, like the Spider, hath weaved out of the bowels of his long travell and vexed spirit, all the dayes of his

vanity. The end of his ambition is to die rich to others, and to live poore to himselfe: he toiles like a Dog in a wheel, to roast meat for other mens eating. There is but one way for this covetous Holdfast to goe to heaven, which is to be drawn up by that Σειρὴ χρυσείη, or golden chaine in *Homer*, reaching from earth to heaven; but he knowing that to be a fable wil goe where gold is, *In viscera terræ*, hell being his center, where I leave him. Iliad. l. 1.

An Angry Man.

AN angry man is cousin german to a mad man, unlesse his anger bee in the best sense, which anger is alwayes lawfull, being adorned with advised speech in a seasonable time; it is to the soule as a nerve to the body. The Philosopher calls it *Cos fortitudinis*, the whetstone of fortitude, infusing valour in the vindication of a publike or private good. As the Vestal fire was preserved by

by chastity, so this by charity: But I leave this anger to be followed, and follow that anger which is to bee eschewed, that anger which is a tyrannicall, sinfull passion, *initium insaniæ*, said *Enniue*, and *initium pœnitentiæ*, said *Seneca*; the cause whereof is some conceived injury; *causa iracundiæ opinio injuriæ est*. This heat becomes hate, and a malicious desire of revenge, exercising the armes of the strong, and tongues of the weake; and as a noysome pestilent fiery Meteor, composed altogether of suliginous vapours, risen from

Sen. de ira lib. 2. c. 22. Ira sorti producit lacertos imbelli linguam.

from pitchy Acheron, it belcheth forth nothing but flames of sedition, tumults, battels, murders, and destruction, and all through a conflict of two contrary passions assaulting the heart at the same instant, griefe and pleasure; griefe for the injury offered, whereby great heat is gathered about the heart, making the face pale and blackish; which intestine flame like a subterraneous fire, makes an eruption into direfull threats of revenge, and enlarges the heart with the pleasure thereof: for according to *Aristotle*, some pleasure through

Rhet. l. 2. cap. 2.

hope

hope of revenge still accompanies this affection, which differs from madnesse only *temporis mora*. The Grecians call it ὄργὴ, from the word ὀρέγομαι, *appeto*, because desire of revenge is essentiall to it. *Aquinas* makes three degrees of anger, *Fel*, *maniam*, *furorem*; the one hee saith hath beginning and motion, but presently ceaseth, like a flash of lightning, *cito oritur cito moritur*. The other taketh deeper hold in the memory. The third desisteth not without revenge, for it is kept so long in the vessell of the heart, that it waxeth eager and soure,

foure, and is turned into malice. Some are sharpe, saith *Aristotle*, who like gunpowder are no sooner touched, but they flye in your face; others are bitter; a third kinde is implacable, who like the stone in Arcadia named Asbestos, mentioned by *Solinus*, being once set on fire can hardly bee quenched: they never unfold their browes, as if anger had there plowed the furrowes of her wrath, and they graven their injuries in marble: they commonly harbour this unruly affection so long in their hearts, (as the Lacedemonian boy did his

his Fox) till it gnaw out their hearts. *Furor iracúꝫ mentem præcipitans*, Fury is a meere *Circe* which maketh a monstrous and inhumane metamorphosis, transforming men into cruell Tygres. An angry man is altogether irrationall *quoad actum secundum*. He respects neither Prince, Priest, nor People; he reviles al, *fratremq́ patremq́*. Of *Dametas* hee is turned into *Hercules furens*, and while the lightning of his rage lasts, hee throwes out the thunderbolts of his rage upon all, not sticking in his fiery fury, with *Hippias*, to butcher his dea-

rest

reſt innocent friends, *Cum ſpirat ira ſanguinem neſcit regi*, when anger breathes forth bloody comminations, ſhe knows not how to bee ruled, for reaſon, which ſhould ſteere the little ſhip of man, ſayling on the raging ſea of affections, is now put beſides the helme. Wiſedom cannot be the judge when anger is the ſollicitour. Men ſicke of this Bedlam paſſion, often make irrationall and inſenſible creatures, the objects of their bitterneſſe: *Balaam* ſmote his Aſſe, *Xerxes* levelled the fiery darts of his fierce fury againſt Athos a Thracian moun-

mountaine, threatning to cut it downe, and cast it into the sea, if it were not passable. *Darius*, because a river had drowned a white horse of his, vowed to cut it into so many chanels, that a woman with childe might goe over dry-shood. So the Africans being infested with a North winde, that covered a Corne field with sand from a mountaine, levied an army of men to fight with that winde; but the sand became their Sepulchre. How much more irrationall and insensible are these men, then the things they maligne? Any one with-

without ſpectacles may behold Aſſes eares under their Lions skins, folly in their fury. That diſeaſe, ſaith *Hippocrates*. is moſt dangerous, in which the ſicke man changeth the habit of his mouth, and becomes moſt unlike himſelfe: And if that be true, there is no diſeaſe more deſperate then anger; for it altereth not onely the countenance, the language, and the geſtures of the body, but alſo the faculties of the minde, making a man a monſter.

Impatiens animus, diræ, blaſphemia, probrum, Vltio,

Vltio rixæ minæ sunt iræ pignora septem.

Other passions dally with a man, entice him, dazzle him, and onely incline him, but this commands him, compels him, blindes him, that he sees no good, and feares no evill: Therefore Fury which drives him, is painted with a Sword in his hand, and for the impatient desire of revenge wherewith hee is inflamed, violently rushing upon a Iavelin: so that, *plus nocitura est ira quam injuria*, anger is more hurtfull then the injury that causes it. No Physicke

may

may bee prescribed so long as this Dog-starre predominates. The best preservative is to resist the beginning of this evill, and (as the Pigmies deale with the Cranes) cracke it in the shell. *In confinibus arcendus est hostis*, The enemy is be driven back in the frontiers. If any man did well consider the great danger of this bloudy passion, which like the viper causeth corruption where it hath generation, hee would hate himselfe for affecting that which makes him not himselfe. The Emperour *Nerva* ended his life in a Fea-

ver,

ver contracted by anger. The Emperour *Valentinianus* died by an irruption of bloud through anger, with many other. Blacke clouds of danger are alwayes imminent, and a more then beastly deformity, never absent so long as this ugly Toad is present. It is *Seneca's* counsell, that the angry man should behold himselfe in a mirror, *Iratis profuit aspexisse speculum; qui ad speculum venerat ut se mutaret jam mutaverat*: Hee who comes to the looking glasse to change himselfe, is already changed. Againe, *Maximum remedium est* Lib. 2. de Ira. c. 36. Sen. l. 2. de Ira. c. 28.

iræ mora; desinet, si expectet. Delay is the greatest remedy of anger, it ceases if it fall in suspence. The counsell of *Anthenodorus* the Philosopher to *Augustus Cæsar* was, *Antequam indulgeas iræ, percurre tecum alphabetum Græcum*; before thou feedest thy fury, recite with thy selfe the Greeke Alphabet; as if hee should have sayd, sing to thy passion as Nurses to their babes, μὴ σπεύσῃς, μὴ βοᾷ, haste not, cry not, and anon I will content thee.

An envious Man.

AN envious man ſtands alwayes in Diametricall oppoſition to a good man. *Ariſtotle* calles him, *Antagoniſta fortunatorum*, according to his definition. Envie is a certaine moleſtation and griefe for the apparent felicity of others; which, like a Feaver Hecticke, conſumes a man: and becauſe of ſomething he hath not, hee is brought to nothing; ſo that hee wanteth as well what he hath, as what he

Ἔστω δὴ ὁ φθόνος λύπη τις ἐπὶ εὐπραγίᾳ φαινομένη Ariſtot. Rhet. l. 2. c. 10.

Franc. Petrarch.

hath not. *Vicinitas eſt proſperitas invidiæ ſunt parentes*, neerneſſe and proſperity are the happy parents of this monſter, which is ſquint-ey'd, that ſees not farre off, and neere hand ſees too perverſly with the Spectacles of a wicked imagination. The eye is the ſeat of this ſoare, and a bleſſing eſpied through this window, killeth the envious man like the Baſiliske. *Intabeſcitque videndo*, the more hee ſees, the more he ſighes, altogether eſteeming his neighbours weale his woe, and others glory his griefe. *Parum eſt ſi ipſe*

ſit

sit fælix, nisi alter fuerit infælix; hee cannot put on the white robes of felicity, except another mournes in the sable weeds of adversity; neither can hee saile happily, except fell Boreas assault others. He delights like flies, in the wounds of others, and that which is a Tragedy to others, is to him a Comedy; using like the Bragmans, to laugh when hee should weepe, and to weepe when hee should laugh. The bright Sunne of other mens prosperity, beating upon the Dunghill of a dejected base spirit, engendreth this snake,

which if it bite a man, he instantly swelles with much poyson: but like the Serpent *Porphyrius* wanting teeth and power to vent his venome, hee hurts himselfe most. *Vt Ætna seipsum, sic se non alios, invidus igne coquit.*

The envious man is no Physitian to himselfe: for by his pining and repining, hee burnes up his bloud in the fornace of hatred: so that his body hath just cause to sue his soule on an action of Dilapidation. Envie is the meere Megæra which continually torments his soule. *Titiique vultur intus qui semper lacerat comestque*

mestique mentem. As poyson is life to a Serpent, but death to a man; and spettle life to a man, but death to a serpent: so the virulent sustenance that the envious man lives on, is death to a good man; and a good mans *bene esse*, is the envious mans *non esse*. *Bion* beholding such a one, (with a pale face and lean body, whose heart was full of gall, & his tongue tipt with poyson) very sorrowfull, asked him, saying: Whether hath some evill befallen thee, or some good to thy neighbour? As the venemous Beetle Cantha-

Pallor in ore sedet macies in corpore toto. Metam.

rides, delights to consume the fineſt wheat, and nip the faireſt flowers: ſo envie invades the beſt men, and thoſe that excell in any good, whether of minde, body or fortune. Therefore *Themiſtocles* being but of tender age, ſaid, Hee had effected as yet nothing excellent and praiſe-worthy, becauſe the darts of envie flew not about his eares. As thoſe eyes are acccounted bewitching, *qui geminam habent pupillam, ſicut Illyrici*, which have double-ſighted eyes: So the double-ſighted eyes of the envious, bewitch his under-

ſtan-

ſtanding, whereby hee miſconceives and miſinterprets another mans felicity and fortune, beholding it with an evill eye, as in a multiplying glaſſe, that makes good things appeare great things, according to the Poet:

Fertilior ſeges eſt alienis ſemper in agris
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet. Ovid.

Hee prints diſcontent in his countenance, if another atchieve that honour which is beyond his reach. *Hunc atque hunc ſuperare laborat.* Hee

ſtrives to excell all, though he is excelled by all: if hee undertakes a great worke, which is above the ſpheare of his capacity; hee will give leave to none other, like *Æſops* dogge in the manger. Like the ſnake in the Apologue, that licked off her owne tongue, when thinking nothing ſhould have teeth but her ſelfe, ſhee would have licked the file plaine which ſhee found with teeth at the Smiths forge; he drinkes the moſt part of his venome, and hurts himſelfe ſeeking to hurt others; yea, he will hurt himſelfe ſo that hee may hurt others.

thers. *Simul peccat & plectitur : expedita justitia.* An expedite kinde of justice, when punishment treads upon the heele of sinne.

For my part, I'le ever embrace *Pallas*, who as the Poets fain, stil knocks at the doore of envie, that dwels *in vallibus imis*, and so she keeps her from sleeping : whom being now stirred and awakned by *Pallas*, I leave with him that loves her, till she transforme him to a meere *Aglauros*, as voyd of sense as of humanity.

A Fortune-teller.

A Fortune-teller is an idle addle-brain'd fellow, who takes upon him as if hee were a bawd to the celestiall bodies, by the conjunctions of planets, and position of starres, to fore-tell the ruines of publike weales, to calculate nativities, and to fore-tell strange events. He pleads a deepe insight into their secrets, as if he were their Midwife; or as if, like the Physitian, he had cast the urine of the clouds, and knew

knew where the fit held them, that it could neither raine, nor haile, nor snow, till some starre had made him her secretary. This *Æruscator*, that strives to get mony by ill meanes, tels the fortunes of others uncertainly, that hee might encrease his owne certainly: if hee tell any thing that comes to passe, it is but as if a blinde Archer should hit the Marke. *Diogenes* seeing a fellow (that shewed tables of the starres openly) say, *Hæ sunt stellæ errantes*, These are the wandring starres, answered, *Ne mentiaris, bone vir*, doe not slander the

starres

ſtarres, good man, that erre not, but thy ſelfe only doſt erre, by thy vaine ſpeculations of the ſtars. The Tale-tell ſtar-gazers and Chronologers are ſo different among themſelves, that it is truly ſaid of them, *Inter horologia magis convenit quam inter exactos temporum calculatores.* The clockes agree better then them, but to make amends for that, their opinions as lines of the ſame circumference, are coincident in falſhood as their center. *Cicero* mentions it for the Chaldean folly, that they would have *Omnes eodem tempore ortos,*

De divinat. l. 2.

tos, eadem conditione nascis: all that were born together, to be borne to the same condition. But if that bee true, how came *Romulus* and *Remus*, who (if wee may beleeve it) were both borne of a Vestal (defiled by a souldier) at one birth, to such various fortunes? Was all the world, drowned in the deluge, under one starre? Or all Souldiers slaine together in one field, under the same signes? The Astrologers assertion is, that all borne under the signe *Aquarius*, would bee Fishers: but in *Getulia* there are no fishers; was never any

any there born under the ſigne *Aquarius*?

Surely all Aſtrologers are *Erra Paters* diſciples, and the Divels profeſſors, telling their opinions in ſpurious ænigmaticall doubtfull tearmes, like the Oracle at Delphos. What a blinde dotage, and ſhameleſſe impudence is in theſe men, who pretend to know more then Saints and Angels? Can they read other mens fates by thoſe glorious characters the ſtarres, being ignorant of their owne? *Qui ſibi neſcius, cui præſcius? Thracias* the Soothſayer, in the nine years drought

of

of Ægypt, came to *Busiris* the Tyrant;

——*Monstratq; piari*
Hospitis effuso sanguine posse Iovem,

And told him, that *Iupiters* wrath might bee expiated by sacrificing the blood of a stranger. The Tyrant asked him whether hee was a stranger: he told him he was.

Illi Busiris: fies Iovis hostia primus,
Inquit, & Ægypto tu dabis hospes aquam.

Thou, quoth *Busiris*, shalt that stranger bee,
Whose bloud shall wet our soyle by destinie.

If all were served so,

we

we should have none that would relye so confidently on the falshood of their Ephemerides, and in some manner shake off all divine providence, making themselves equall to God: *Tolli enim quod maximum inter Deos atque homines differt, si homines quoq; res post futurus prænoscerent.* The greatest difference between God and man is taken away, if man should fore-know future events. These propheticusurpers, who ascribe all things to the influence of constellations, shoot at the starres, but aime at themselves, according to

Au. Gel. l. 14. c. 1.

that

that of *Accius*: *Nihil, inquit, credo Auguribus qui aures verbis divitant alienas, suas ut auro locupletent Domos.* I doe nothing credit the Soothsayers, who enrich other mens eares with words, that they may enrich their owne houses with gold.

Beleeve not the Impostures of these juggling companions: they foretell prosperous things, or not prosperous: First, they foretell prosperous, and faile, thou art made miserable by expecting them in vaine. If they foretell unfortunate events, and deceive thee, thou

thou art made miserable by fearing them in vain. If those things they foretel do happen, being not prosperous, thou art made miserable because they come to passe. If they promise auspicious fate to thee, and have not paid it, thy hope will weary thee, and the long expectation thereof, will prove miserable to thee.

For-

Fortune.

FOrtune is so constant in inconstancy, that the best *Amulius* cannot portray her in one cõstant shadow, neereſt reſembling the counterfeit that *Praxiteles* made for *Flora*, before the which if one stood directly, it seemed to weep; if on the left side, to laugh; if on the other side, to sleepe. *Fortuna amica varietati constantiam respuit*, saith the heathen Orator: Wherefore I cannot but commend the pithy an-

er of *Apelles*, that cunning painter, who being asked why he painted Fortune sitting, answered readily, *Quia stare loco nescit*, because shee is so unstable, knowing not how to stand constant: otherwise he commonly painted her sitting upon a Globe, blinde, and turned by every puffe of winde. *Nihil enim est tam contrarium rationi & constantiæ quam fortuna.* For nothing is so contrary to right reason and constancie, as Fortune, that is winged with the feathers of Fickleneſſe.

obæus.

Ovid Met. *Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem crediderim,*

derim. Ima permutat brevis hora summis. Nothing continues long under the same forme: in an houre things are turned topsiturvie. The lowest vapour becomes the highest cloud, and the highest cloud the lowest vapour. Sen. Thyest.

Sesostris, an illustrious and happy King of Ægypt, famous for abundance of wealth and earthly treasure, subdued many Nations under the yoake of his slavery. He was wont to bee carried in a Chariot adorned with gold & pretious stones, by foure Kings whom he had conquered: and when one of them often regarding Ph. Melancthon. l. 3. Chron

the

the wheele of the Chariot, contemplated with himselfe, was asked by *Sesostris*, why hee did so much behold the motion of the wheele? In beholding (said hee) the volubility of the wheele, wherein the lowest are soone highest, and the highest lowest, I perceive the instability of Fortune, who dejecteth those that are highly advanced, and advanceth those that are low prest. Whereupon *Sesostris* would never after exercise his inhumane cruelty against any captive King in that kinde. Remembring Perchance that

that of *Herodotus*: ὥς κύκλος τῶν ἀνθρωπηίων ἐστὶ πραγμάτων περιφερόμενος, τὸ οὐκ ἐᾶ ἀεὶ τοὺς αὐτοὺς εὐτυχέειν. Let no man thinke to erect Castles or faire Monuments in the aire, or build upon the uncertaine and short prosperous windes of favour-blooming Fortune high and huge hopes, as the Tragedian excellently admonisheth:

Nemo confidat nimium secundis, Sen. Trag.
Nemo desperet meliora lapsis.

Let no man thinke to give Fortune the defi-

ance in prosperity, neither let any despaire of better things in adversity. *Marius* begged in the sixth Consulship, governed in the seventh. *Scipio Africa* of a Consull became a Captive, of a Captive a Consull. To be haughty therefore if our ship saile *bonis avibus*, on the calme sea of prosperity, is vaine glory void of wisedome: for the greater fortune is, the lesse is she secure. So to bee overmuch dejected, because the ship of all our treasure sailing *malis avibus*, on the tempestuous seas of adverse fate, bee wracked against the craggy

Tacitus.

craggy Clifts of misfortune, doth argue our wisedome was our riches, and in losing one, we lose both. He that is a fixed star in wisedome, will not prove a meteor composed of vanity, neither shall any interposed earth eclipse his glory. When *Fortuna opes auferre, non animam potest.* Fortune may take away his outward riches, not his soule. A prudent provident man still expects the worst; and as it is said of *Socrates*, his minde is alwayes equall, still prepared against any boysterous blasts and storms of malignant Fortune. Senece.

And being not a ſervant to this uncertaine Lady, hee thinkes himſelfe not unhappy if ſhee frownes on him, nor more happy if ſhee ſmiles. *Zeno* having loſt his outward goods by ſhip-wracke; *Immobili vultu euge (inquit) fortuna quam opportune nos ad pallio'um redegiſti.* For as he that ſtruck *Iaſon* on the ſtomacke, thinking to kil kim, brake his impoſtume and cured him: ſo this ſtep mother Fortune ſtrikes at *Zeno*, intending to kill him, and to make his heart evaporate into ſighes, by reaſon of this tempeſt, (drowning that which would

would have drowned him) but in stead of a sword she applied a salve, breaking the impostumation of vaine glory, and outward pleasure, growing in his heart, and fram'd his minde againe to the study of Philosophy.

Ambition.

AMbition is a vice opposite to Magnanimity, being an immoderate desire of honour without merit. It is the proud soules dropsie, when a draught of Honour causeth a drought of Honour. One advancement gives a fresh provocation to another. Hee is not so soon laid on the bed of honour, but hee dreames of a high preferment. His desires are as high as the starres, his deserts lower then the

the earth; hee'l willingly ſtay on no ſtaire if there be a higher, & yet aſcended to the top, want of highneſſe is his malady. *Alexander* having conquered all Aſia, and being ſet on the pinacle of incomparable dignity on earth, hearing *Abaparchus* diſpute of innumerable worlds, ſalt teares immediatly diſtilled from the Limbecke of his proud ſorrowfull heart, becauſe hee had not yet conquered one world. *Alexander mundo magnus, mundus Alexandro parvus.* Alexander though the greateſt Monarch in the world

Virg. 2. Æneid.

(*Imperium Oceano famam qui terminat astris*,
Who terminates his Empire with the remotest seas, & his fame with the Poles) thought the world a Mole-hil, being too narrow a stage for the large Scene of his ambition,

Juven. Sat. 10.

Vnus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis,
Æstuat infælix angusto limite mundi.

His heart being a Triangle could not be filled with the world being a Circle. An ambitious minde like *Tullies* strange soil, much rain of promotion falling from his heaven the Court, makes him still as dry as dust.

The

The Court is the Sea wherin he desires to fish, and the starry firmament wherein hee desires to shine; yet an old Courtier being asked what hee did at Court, answered, I doe nothing but undoe my selfe: And I can say this of other Suitors, If ten be dispatched, ninety are despighted. Aspiring mindes, whiles they behold the starres with *Thales*, fall into the ditch. *Agrippina*, *Nero's* mother, being told by an Astrologer, that her sonne should be Emperour, but his Orient should bee her Occident, answered, *Occidat dum imperet*: Let Tacitus l. 14. An.

him kill me so hee may get the Empire. *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirotes*, said, If hee had conquered Rome, Italy, Sicily, Africa, Carthage, and all Greece he could be frolicke with his friends: but surely had he atchieved the triumphant victory of all these nations, blinde ambition would not have suffered him to rest; but hee still would have adored Fortunes bright Sun, desiring to increase, like the new Moone, *donec totam circumferentiam implent*, till he fill the whole circumference, not considering that the full Moon suffers

Plutarch. in jus vita.

The new Moones Motto.

an

an Eclipse: Camelion- Plin. N
like they have nothing within, but large lungs, windy ostentation, thinking with the bladder of their blowne hopes, and windy vapours of selfe-love, to swim (with *Antiochus*) upon the earth, and to walke on the sea. An ambitious man of a Farmer would be a Yeoman, of a Yeoman a Gentleman, of a Gentleman a Squire, or else hee is out of square; of a Squire a Knight, and no Gentleman. Once knighted the world must count him a Count; and then hee rides all upon the Spurre (Policie being his

Post-

Post-horse) till he come to None-such. He would bee a Peerlesse Peere willing to have no Æquator in the terrestriall Globe: his greatest plague is a Rivall. The impulsive cause of the civill warres between *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, was, *ambitio & nimia fælicitas* (as *Florus*) the one not enduring an equall, the other a superiour.

can.l.1. ——*Stimulos dedit æmula virtus,*
Nec quemquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.

It is an essentiall property of a swelling and proud

proud boasting person, not to consider whom he excelleth himselfe, but who excelleth him. Joy doth not so much dilate his heart to see many after him, as grief contracts it to see any before him: he seldome or never looketh backe, but alwayes forward; and when hee sees himselfe to bee Fortunes singular and greatest favourite (with *Alexander*) hee conceits his immortality, and causeth Temples & Altars to be erected to his name, making himself a God with man, but a man with God. *Sapor* a Persian King, intituled himselfe

Rex Regum, frater Solis & Lunæ, particeps Syderum &c. Kings of Kings, brother to the Sunne and Moone, partner with the ſtarres. O more then ſtupid Ambition! Art thou King of Kings, when not King of thy ſelfe? Art thou ſo lunaticke as to imagine thy ſelfe brother to the Sunne and Moon? Art thou ſuch a Planet or wandring Starre of invincible ignorance, as to write thy ſelfe a partner with the Starres? A falling ſtarre and a fiery meteor ſhalt thou bee. Thou ſhalt complaine of Fortune with *Tiberius*, that having ſet thee in ſo

high a place, shee did not vouchsafe thee a Ladder to come downe againe. They that are advanced to high degree of honour, *Non in prærupto illic stant, sed in lubrico,* Senec. E have a slippery and dangerous station. *Tolluntur in altum ut lapsu graviora ruant.* They are tossed up into the aire by Fortunes sling, to receive the greater fall; and being set up as Buttes, they cannot bee without the quiver of feares. *Feriunt summos fulgura montes,* The high mountaines are smitten with the lightning, when the valleyes are secure. The tall Cedars

dars and lofty Pines are ſhaken with the Æolian ſlaves, when the low ſhrubs ſtand firme. The Sunne that riſes in a gray and ſullen morne, ſets cleareſt: Ambitious mindes in the dawne of Fortune breake ſo glorioufly, meet with a ſtorm at noon, or a cloud at night, which will not meerly eclipſe, but extinguiſh their glory.

The Common People.

THe rude multitude is an untamed monster of many heads, locked up in the darksome dungeon of ignorance and inconstancy, more infected with errors then *Augeus* stable was filled with ordure. *Vulgus ex veritate pauca ex opinione multa æstimat.* The common people judge of all things as they appeare to them, not as they are in themselves; being led by the erring eyes of their clouded intellects,

tellects, seduced by false opinions *à vero*, and diverting their wils *à bono*. They play as did the fond Satyr, who espying the fire that *Prometheus* stole from heaven, would needs kisse it, because it glistered in his eyes. Like white clouds, or deawy exhalations, they are carried hither and thither, by every winde. Now they flow with honied salutations, placing you in the star-spangled Canopy of heaven: Anon their gall overflows with bittter words, and railing accusations, kicking thee with contempt into *Vulcans* Forge. The winde of

of giddinesse doth so possesse them, that an opinion now received, is expelled by cleane contrary Ideæa's of their seduced phantasies. *Fluctuq; magis mobile vulgus.* They ebbe and flow oftner then *Euripus.* As the childes love, so the peoples commendations gotten and forgotten in an houre. It is better to bee praise-worthy, then to be praised by them, when they honour the worst and condemne the best; being in the estimation of wise men as the sense in respect of reason, brutish. *Stultus honorem sæpè dat indignis, Socrates* in *Plato* Sen. Trag.

Plato ſuſpected that evermore to bee bad, which the vulgar extolled for good. And *Pliny* gave this rule in the Schoole, That he declamed worſt who was applauded moſt. Their knowledge is opinions, and their wit is never to ſwim againſt the ſtream, nor ſet up ſaile againſt any windy rumors; which makes them like Cyclops, roaring without his eye, attempt things with great tumult and no judgement. Their inquiſition doth never ſound the depth of matters, but their judgement follows the ſound of words. In

their

their actions there is no harmony: for they are too flat or too sharpe, admitting no mediocritie. Democracie is their ambition; and as in the Serpent *Amphisbæna* to have the head at the taile, would bee a meere Anarchy. *Laertes*-like they have more care of their rurall affaires then themselves in the better parts of themselves their souls. Much like the fellow, who vowing to *Mercury* halfe of what hee found, finding Almonds, presented onely the shelles upon the Altar. If they affoord God a shell in Religion, it is to get the kirnell

kirnell themselves: As it is said of the Scythians, that they once smothered their Gods with earth, most of them seeme almost to smother their godlinesse with their worldlinesse. They have drunke the Circean Cup of ignorance: And as *Grillus* being by the inchantment of *Circe*, changed into the forme of an Hog, refused to returne to the shape of a Man: so they being beasts by ignorance, refuse to bee men by understanding. If they take head against a man, they run violently like a torrent, to overthrow him without law, reason,

reason or judgement: they exclaim against him, making such an uproare and obstreperous noyse, that the Frogs in *Homer*, (that with their noyse would not let the Goddesse *Pallas* sleepe) croaked no lowder. I cannot but remember that of *Epicurus* in *Seneca*: *Epicurus dicebat, Se nunquam voluisse placere populo. Nam quæ ego scio, inquit, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio.* *Epicurus* sayd, hee would never please the people: for (saith hee) what I know, that *Briareus* the multitude approve not: those things which win

Ep. 29. ad Lucillum.

the

the peoples approbation, I know not. And well hee might so say: for as *Philo* hath it: ἀεὶ μὲν οἱ πολλοὶ τοῖς μὴ σωφρονουμένοις ἐπιτίθενται. The vulgar sort will grow reproachfully mad against them that are not on their parts, and so please them not in their madnesse. *Phocilides* joynes the common people with the water and fire in these words:

Λαὸς καὶ ὕδωρ, καὶ πῦρ ἀκατα χέτα πάντα

The common people, the water and the fire, are altogether unruly; being good servants, but bad masters. *Malè imperatur cùm regit vulgus duces*, saith

saith *Seneca* in the Tragedy. It might well bee in the Tragedy: for certaine I am, Democracie is Tragicall whereſoever it is. The natures and diſpoſitions of the common people are out-ragious and cruell, like unto them that inhabit the North, where the clymate is very cold, as *Seneca* the Philoſopher ſaith: *In frigora Septentrionemq; vergentibus immanſueta ingenia ſunt, ut ait Poeta,*

Sucq; ſimilima Cælo.

A Flatterer.

A Flatterer is Prosperities shadow, and a false glasse to Greatnesse, giving a false glosse to goodnesse. He hath as much respect unto rich fooles, as *Heliotropium* hath unto the Sunne, delighting to dance as Flies in the warm Sun of prosperity. As Orators sometimes faine another person to speake by the figure *Antonomasia*, either to avoid suspition of falshood, or the darts of envie: So the Flatterer faines many persons praising his friend, though he heares

heares none, hee tels him he is the eye of the countrey, when indeed hee is the eye-sore: hee fleekes the itching Athenian like eares of his too credulous Patrons, with a supple Dialect, soothing them in any wicked inclination, playing as the unskilfull painter, who limbes deformities in rare colours. hee puts a faire title upon a foule act; with *Suetonius* his Crow, this bird of prey proclaimes an *Omne bene*, *Magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter*; the belly, that Master of Art, and giver of wit, makes him tune his tongue to ano-

In Domitian.

Persius Prolog.

thers eares, his sole song being *Placebo*, so long as he spins a golden thread on the voluble wheele of his pleasing tongue. *Hic laudes numerat, dum ille munerat*: As gifts are multiplied upon him, hee multiplies his praises, which are onely in his Benefactors hearing, being his reflection meerly before his face; *Polipus*-like he will change himselfe into any colour for his owne advantage. As the Cameleon:

Alciat. Emb. 53.

Et mutat faciem, varios
sumitque colores,
Præter rubrum vel candidum.

He

Hee can assume to himselfe all colours, except red and white: red signifying Modesty, white innocencie. A fawning flatterer of all tame beasts, is the worst, as *Diogenes* once sayd, And as *Antisthenes*, it is better, εἰς κόρακας εἰς ἢ κόλακας ἐμπεσεῖν, to bee exposed to Crowes then Parasites: for they devoure karkasses, these living men. As the Wolfe by tickling the Asse, devoures him; so this rationall Wolfe by tickling his Patron, who becomes his prey, with light delight, and arrident applauses, devoures his substance in

praising his quality. He honoreth not *se* but *sua*: he uses no more crouches and cringes to him, then were made to the Asse that carried the Ægyptian Goddesse. Riches, not the man are his Idoll; and if hee devour them, as *Actæons* Dogges did him: he thinkes himselfe a cunning hunter, and compares the man to the proud Fly sitting on the Chariot wheele, which gave out, that it was shee which raised all that dust. These Wasps doe hover about the Gally-pot no longer then there is honey in it. The flatterer will be your Mimi-

call

call attendant, so long as you are his good Master, Hyæna-like hee will imitate your voyce in hope of a prey; like the Olympian Porch, he will eccho to your words seven times. *Plato* compares him to a Witch, which (if wee may beleeve *Pliny*) is true: for they which use witchcraft, kill in praising, wounding like thunder, the intrals, without any outward appearance. And as *Antigonus* once sayd, hee is worse then an open enemy: they who carry their eyes in a box, like the Ladies of the Fairy *Lamiæ*, and only looke into themselves Plutarch.

by the eyes of Sycophants (that like Adjectives vary case and gender with their Substantives,) are overcast with worse then *Cimmerian* darkneſſe in their understandings. The ſpectacles of adulation, make the leaſt letter of a great ſhew, and ſometimes a cypher to be miſtaken for a figure. Hee is rotten at Core, like a Sodome apple. Hee is of a bad courſe, &good diſcourſe. *Bonus videri, non eſſe cupit.* Hee is an apparent friend, but a reall foe: Of all ſuch friends wee may ſay as *Ariſtotle* frequently ſayd ὦ φίλοι οὐδεὶς φίλῳ. O friends,

friends, no friend. These friends run away as Mice from a decaying house; or like the Nightingall, they are voyce and nothing else, singing onely in the Summer. It was the Scythians proverb, *Vbi amici, ibi opes*; but now the proverb may be inverted, *Vbi opes, ibi amici*, where riches are, there these fained friends will be continually.

Ælian. var. hist. l. 1. cap. 1

A Brain-sick Man.

A Brain-sicke man is one (*diuisus in se, & diuisus ab omnibus aliis*) whose speculative beams of knowledge both direct towards others, and reflected on himselfe, are very much darkned by the foggy mists of privative and corruptive ignorance. The optick nerves of his soule are so weak, that hee cannot discerne between white & blacke: hee would make a very bad painter: yet his brain is strangely sicke of crotchets

chets, and toyish inventions, *Cæcus amor sui* doth so possesse him, that *Pygmalion* like, hee falles in love with an Image of his owne carving; and being besides himselfe, hee becomes an idle Idoll to himselfe. His onely joyes are in his owne toyes, like the Fisherman in *Theocritus*, who satisfied his hunger with dreames of gold: hee is full of complacencie, and affected with singularity. He thinkes all Constitutions but Cyphers and visible nothings, if his consent be not the figure which makes the number. Hee beholds himselfe in a mul-

multiplying glaſſe, and lookes upon others with a ſimple viſion. Hee is the onely wiſe man in his owne conceit; and it is not the leaſt part of his Rhetoricke to perſwade others to deeme him ſo too. Hee wonders why all men doe not conſult with him as an Oracle, it being his greateſt ambition to bee thought as well of others as hee is of himſelfe. Hee is light-headed, and preſumes ſo much of light, that if himſelfe were ſet, our world would bee left without a Sunne, overcaſt with worſe then Ægyptian darknes, when in-

indeed hee is but a Mote, or Glow-worme, shining in some obscure village. As one said of *Melon* the Dwarfe, μικρὸς ἀλικὸς, *quantillus quantus?* How little is hee in himselfe, how great to himselfe? His braines are turned like the Fannes of a Winde-mill, and his tongue moves like a Clacke: The disquisition of a palpable truth is his Logicke, himselfe being the opponent, the answerer & the Moderator. Hee hath so little reason, that hee mootes the reason why snow should bee white, and not Jet. This Naturall,

with

with all his Art cannot answer Natures Argument herein: and therefore with *Anaxagoras*, hee will hold the Snow to bee blacke; whereby hee becomes continually opposed by the clouds which utter Arguments in abundance against him. *Copernicus* his opinion of the earths circular motion, makes his distempered and Moone-changing braine sicke of a *Vertigo*. Nonsense and errours are so individuated in him, that hee is as naked of reason, as an Adamite of cloathes. I beleeve hee hath been with *Menip-*

pus

pus as farre as the Moon, his talke favours so much of lunacie: Λαλεῖν ἄριστος ἀδυνατώτατος δὲ λέγειν. *Blaterare optimus, dicere ineptissimus.* Hee is best of all to babble, most unapt to speake. The concurrence of ignorance and arrogance doth smother the cleare light of his judgement, and corrupts his braine the proper orbe of the Sunne, Understanding: Whereby his heaven in earth, the Soule, is moved irregularly, opinion being the sole intelligence thereof: hee waxes and wanes an hundred times in a minute, as if hee had been Aul. Gel. l.1.c.15.

got in the change of the Moone. Meere contradictions and Chimæra's of a restlesse braine, are his Philosophy. His troubled brain, continuinually fooles him; and at last he is lost in a distracted dreame.

A

A Scandalous Scholar.

A Scandalous Scholar is an able wicked man, like *Tullies Offices*, politicke but prophane; witty, not wise. Hee is a meere Comædian in Religion, acting goodnesse in voyce and gesture only, having all Theologicall and morall vertues but in tearmes alone, as the Philosophers *Materia prima*. It may be sayd of him as was of *Galba, Ingenium Galbæ, malè habitat*;

bitat, a good instrument is put into an evill case; good wine is put in a bad vessell. He is one wherein are drawne some lines and notes of able endowments; but being not actuated by the resplendent beames of saving grace: like a Sundiall in a cloudy day, hee is unheeded, unregarded both of God who is an immortall man, and of man who is a mortall God: he is an *Ignis fatuus*, a Comet which portends delusion to others, confusion to himselfe. With *Caius Gracchus* he seemes to defend the Treasury, himselfe being the spoiler.

ler. A Scholar should be *Densior pars sui orbis*, a starre giving light to them that sit in darknesse, sicke of a fatall Lethargie, dispelling multitudes of opinions (which like black clouds arising from the *Mare mortuum* of lunaticke braines, mist the intellectuall faculty, and like reverberated blasts, whirle about the spirits) being a Divine *Hermes*, occupied in the interpretation of those things which transcend common capacity. If ever he intends to kill that Python ignorance, like heavens great spy, the Sunne, he must shine forth in integrity

tegrity of life before all men, he must be nothing inferiour to *Phœnix*, who was the instructer of *Achilles*, whom *Pileus* (as *Homer* reporteth) did not chuse meerly to be to his son a teacher of learning, but an ensample of good living: great learning without good living, is but matter without form incompleat, indeterminat, nothing operative in goodnes: the preaching of life is made more forcible by the good life of the preacher, *Citharisante Abbate tripudiant Monachi.* When the Abbot gives the musicke of a good example, the Monkes

dance

dance after him. The goodlieſt harmony is, when the Graces & Muſes meet together, when practice & preaching kiſſe each other. Elſe like a Cothon or Laconian cup, hee gives water of life to others, and keeps the mud of miſchiefe ſtill in the bottome of his heart. And whiles hee ſtrives by his preaching to cut off one head-ſtrong ſin, by his living (as *Hercules* by the Hydra's head) hee gives birth to two. Doctrine is the light, and a Religious life the Lanthorne, and the light without the Lanthorne, will be ſoone blown out by

by the winde of malice. Like a crackt Bell, this dissolute Preachers noise is heard farre enough; but the flaw which is noted in his life, marres his doctrine, and offends those eares which otherwise would take pleasure in his teaching. It is possible that such a one, even by that discordous noyse may ring in others into the triumphant Church of heaven; but there is no remedy, for himselfe, but the fire, whether for his reforming or judgement.

B. Hall.

A Lawyer.

GOod Lawes were eſtabliſhed to ſuppreſſe all exorbitant and licentious enormities, and to extoll and magnifie vertue and truth, building them ſo high in admiration and honour, that (as *Homer* in his ſwelling veine of fabulous Poetry ſayd of the celeſtiall mountaine Olympus: οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι πνάσσεται οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρῳ Δεύεται) their foundation may not bee ſhaken with the winde of falſe witneſſe, nor undermined

mined by the sowre-sweet waters of deceit. But alas! there is another Play acted, wherein Dame *Lucre* is the Prologue and the Epilogue. The Lawyer being agent and his Client Patient, according to that of our moderne Epigrammatist.

Owen Ep. 140. l. 2.

Ipse tibi causas dicis, non Marce Clienti
Qui tibi Londinum, non sibi portat opes.
Certa tibi lex est, lis est incerta Clienti:
Tu lucri, damni certus & ille sui.

The Lawyer pleads his own, not Clients cause,

Yet

Yet Clients money he to
London drawes,
Not for himselfe, but for
his Lawyers fees.
Thus Lawyers get how
ere the Clients leese.
The law is plain, the poor
mans cause in doubt.
Thus Lawyers gain must
hold the Client out.

A corrupt Lawyer with his smooth tongue, and his eloquent speech, full of flourishes, like the first letter of a Patent, to better it, and himselfe by it, makes a bad cause seeme to be *extra controversiæ aleam*, good without all doubt. Hee is a false glasse, which how-

soever ill favored a man be, will shew a faire face. Thus with their false glasses and glosses they intangle the silly client, holding him fast in their nets, till they perceive a clean deplumation of all his golden feathers. A poore client among them is as a blind sheepe in a thicket of thornes, where hee is sure to lose his fleece, if not some of his flesh. Fallacy is the Logicke they choppe with their Countrey attendants, altogether seducing them with the dark Lanthorne of delusion. Their Logicke consists more in Division then Definition:

discord

discord is the musicke they are delighted with: where harmonious consent, love and concord is, a Lawyer can live no more in that place, then a spider in Ireland. Other mens unquietnes is their quietnesse, it being their happinesse to fish in troubled waters, where if they catch not poore John, they'l make him. Clients are so long wafted in the sea of troubles by their quirkes and delayes, that if they escape drowning, they are sure at last to land at Beggars Haven. Their word is *currat Lex*, let the Law have his course, but their

will is to ſtop it. A motion this Tearme, an order next; inſtantly all croſſed: one Tearme proves contradictory to another: the ſuit runnes on, *ſine termino*, wherby each Tearme becomes wofull to the client, an Hilary to *Ignoramus* the Lawyer. This makes a ſyllogiſme ſo ſeldome in the moode *Feſtino*, that he oftentimes makes his moane in *Bocardo*, the one by his Seſſion taking away the others poſſeſſion. *Demoſthenes* was wont to call the Lawes, *animam civitatis*, the ſoule of a city, or politicke body. And *Cyrus* being demanded, whom

whom in his judgement he conceived to bee unjust, *Lege inquit non utentes*, they (saith he) who use not the Law. But now the case is otherwise; many that use the Law are most unjust : whom I may tax as *Aristotle* did the Athenians, They labour more to bee advanced to honour, and to abound with riches, then to promote the candour and sincerity of the Law. They make the common and Canon Lawes, Engines to take away our lands and titles, not to secure them. And as *Solon* once complained, they make them πρὸς ἀρχαίους ὁμοίους,

Laert. lib. 5.

cuoles, like Spiders webs, which every great Drone will breake through at his pleasure, when the small Fly is intangled in them to his utter overthrow. *Plato* being earnestly besought of the Cyrenians to prescribe and compose Lawes to their Common wealth, refused, saying, *Perdifficile est condere leges tam fœlicibus:* it is hard to establish Lawes to men so opulent and flourishing in so great prosperity. Money is the white these conscience'es Lawyers ayme at. Their Sunne which is full of motes shines not upon the rich and poore alike.

If

If then no plummets but those of an unreasonable weight can set their mercenary tongues a going; and then a golden addition can make the hammer strike to our pleasure; if they keep their mouths and their eares shut till their purses be full, and will not understand a cause till they feele it,

Quid faciant leges, ubi sola pecunia regnat? Petron.
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest?

Why are lawes made,
where money beares
the sway?
And where poore men
are sure to lose the day?

A Physitian.

A Physitian hath some affinity with the Lawyer; and although they act not the same part on this earthly Theater, yet gaine is *communis terminus* which connects them.

Owen Epis. 71. l. 1.

Iuris consultorum idem status & medicorum est.

Damna quibus licito sunt aliena lucro.

Hi morbis ægrorum, ægrorum litibus ditti.

Dant patienter opem, dum potiantur opum.

The

The Lawyers and Physitians case have neer affinity;

For others ruines make them rich, no doubt most lawfully.

These sucke the sicke for potions, pounds.

For Law those lands purloine:

These promise health, and so get wealth;

Those quietnesse for coine.

When men prevaile in strength of body, they consult with the lying Oracle the Lawyer, who makes them wait so long attendance, and so often

explicate their wearied joints that thee makes them ſicke; then they conſult with as bad an Oracle, the Oracle of *Apollo* (Απολλων I had almoſt ſaid) the Phyſitian, to recover their former health. Ones *exit* being the others *Intrat*. The dignity of a Phyſitian is great, though ſometimes baſe abjects in themſelves, are the objects of his ſpeculation, and the reſtauration of a frail habitation is the *finis cujus* of his practice. Chriſt is a Phyſitian both of ſoule and body: the body cannot be cured except the ſoul

of

of the Physitian doth prescribe a medicine, the soule of the Physitian cannot prescribe a remedy, except God who is the soule of his soule doth enlighten that divine part, no more then the lower orbes move without the *primum mobile*. *Sabi* King of Arabia, *Sabor* and *Giges* Kings of the Medes, *Mithridates* King of Pontus, *Dionysius*, *Tyr*, *Simulus*, with many other blazing stars in the worlds firmament, were professed Physitians.

The Poets faine *Apollo* to be the first inventer of Physicke or Medicine:

In-

Metam. l. 1. *Inventumque medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem Dicor* ——

And certainly many Physitians may bee called by the name of *Apollo*, derived from ἀπόλλυμι which signifies to perish (not onely *formaliter* but *effective*) for either they are such unskilfull Empericks, as *Pliny* speaketh of, *Qui experimenta per mortes agunt*, which give men many poysonous pilles to gaine experience; and so *Officiosissime multos occidunt*, they are very busie to cast many men away with expedition, wanting

ting skill: Or else wanting will to recover their patients, they let them lie languishing at Sickemans Hospitall under the burthen of a life worse then death.

Gaine is the center of most Physitians practice, bodies are the orbes which receive the influence of these stars, whose nature it is to suffer a continuall eclipse without the often interposition of earth. You must supple their hands with some *unguentum rubrum* or *album*, which is in your purse, or else they will hardly feele your pulse, but rather will extinguish

tinguish the lampe of your life then preserve it, and many times the body if it bee sicke is content to buy *unguentum æreum* with *unguentum aureum*, leaden trash with golden cash. Hee tells your disease in some hyperbolicall bombaste words, though it be but an ague or tooth ach, and his Rethoricke is to perswade that you are desperately sicke, almost irrecoverable, that his gaine might bee greater, and his skill seem incomparable.

Without action and passion the Physitian would scarce bee in the pre-

predicament of sub-stance: he drawes good out of evill, and whensoever he is in the vocative case, his patient must bee in the ablative. τὶς ἐστὶν οὗτος; ἰατρός. ὡς κακῶς ἔχει Ἅπας ἰατρὸς, ἂν κακῶς μηδεὶς ἔχῃ. Who is this, a Physitian? Oh in what an ill case every Physitian would bee, if no man were in an ill case. Corruption is his conservation, and *Adams* fall was his rise. Physicke includes sicke, They that are whole need not a Physitian. Thrice happy are they who are not necessitated to embrace such a walking

king consumption of the purse, who though by his art he prolongs your life, he will bee the Atropos who shall cut off the golden thread of your livelihood, and so spinne a faire thread for himselfe.

I have read the *Socrates* never needed a Physitian, *Pomponius* a Poet of noble Progeny, was so sound that he never belched: *Anthonia* the wife of *Drusus* never spit: If all were so, *Dat Galenus opes* were false. *Nicocles* would have wanted an occasion to call Physitians happy (because their good successe the

Sun

Sunne beholds, and their errors the earth buries in obscurity) if there were no objects to worke on, for then like empty stomacks, they will worke upon themselfe. Whosoever keepes a good diet using *Vel modico medicè vel medico modicè* is a Physitian to himselfe, and needs not worship. *Æsculapius* who is adored in a serpentine form, but if (*ad medicam confugit æger opem*) any man bee constrained to fly to the Physitian, let him use none but such as are skilfull (and so able to give a reason for a remedy, if with *Aristotle* thou

Ovid de Ponto.

Ælian l. 9 c. 23 var. hist.

thou dost aske them) and conscionable considering *presentem quæ refert quælibet herba Deum*, every herb which they use is a dumbe lecture of a present deity.

A good woman.

A Good woman is a rare Phœnix, a chaſt Turtle, and an indulgent Pelican: ſhee is Vertues morall Looking-glaſſe, and deſires to excell in vertue, not in veſture. The Veſtall fire of chaſtity continually burnes on the hallowed Altar of her heart: ſuch a baſhfull heat at ſeverall tides ebbes and flowes; flows and ebbes againe in her modeſt face, as if it were afraid to meet the wilder flames of ſome unchaſte Gal-

Gallants. Her lips are never guilty of a wanton ſmile; not one laſcivious glance doth dart from her eye; her cariage is ſober, free from all toyiſh geſtures, and her diſcourſe is a morall lecture of chaſtity. No man (though hee bee paſt all expreſſion comely, being adorned with fine haire, amorous browes, pretty lovely eyes, moſt delicious cheeks, an handſome noſe, Nectar-ſweet lips, teeth like two faire ivory pales, incloſing a tongue made up of harmony) is able to make her loſe the Virgin-zone without the nuptiall knot; and there

the

the conjunction of this milder Starre will temper the malignant force of any man, though he be like cruel *Mars*, carying a storm in his countenance, and a tempest in his tongue. God who reads the secret characters of her heart, findes no other image graven in her soule besides her husband. The Sun shall sooner change his course, and finde new paths to drive his chariot in: the Loadstone shall leave his faith unto the North, sooner then shee will leave hers to her husband. She is beyond all jealousie immaculate. She is no personage that has

had other Incumbents. She hath power enough to conquer them who have learned the military discipline of wooing, and are recorded in *Cupids* Annals for great exploits: though they can ranke and file their kisses, and muster their troupes of complements, shee will not yeeld unto them beyond the precise rules of honesty; neither is shee affected with such a proud squeamish coyneſſe, as to deny any honest man free leave to sacrifice a kisse upon her ruby lips. If her husband goe to the Elysian fields before her, she embalmes him

him with her teares, and keepes the sparkes of a love alive in his ashes. That man is happy that maries her, he may blesse that minute wherein hee met her, and may desire Time to sanctifie it above all his Calendar.

* *
*

A proud woman.

A Proud woman is *Eves* ſinfull daughter, beguiled in fooles paradiſe, with the Adder arrogance. If ſhee be rich there is nothing more intollerable, as the Poet, *Intolerabilius nihil eſt quam fœmina dives.* Inſolent pride doth ſo poſſeſſe her, that ſhe delights to be an Ape tricked up in gorgeous apparrell which muſt bee unmended but not uncommended. As the Stoicks placed felicity in the

Juven. Sat. 6.

the inward habit of vertue, so shee in the outward habit of vesture, counting it her *summum bonum* to excell therein, witnesse the Mercers, Silke-men, Tire-women, and all other professions, whose Tutelar goddesse is pride, the monopoll of mischiefe. As it is said of Italy, *Novitate quadam nihil habet stabile*, she is so mutable that she hath nothing stable, shee shifts her attire so often, that her husband cannot shift himselfe out of the Tradesmens bookes. Through her monstrous pride hee is constrained to turne hospitality

into a dumbe shew, whereby the soule of charity is transmigrated into the body of bravery. Pride beginnes with *habeo*, but ends with *debeo*, and sometimes makes good every syllable *gradatim*. *Debeo*, I owe more then I am able to pay. *Beo*, I blesse my selfe from my creditors. *Eo*, I betake me to my heels. A woman which is stung with that insinuating serpent pride, leanes continually on idlenesse the Divells cushion, spending her dayes in vanity; shee spends many an houre betweene the combe and the looking-glasse that jeers

jeers her before her face, crisping and curling that poor excretion her haire, and sitting as moderator betweene them both, and whether concludes best on her beauty is best praised: All the morning she spends in dilling and decking her body, and starving her soule, shee never goes to Church through devotion, but to see and to be seene, and though she be lip-holy, she is heart-hollow, shee likes standing at the Creed, not because the Church commands it, but because her gay cloathes are more spectable; shee will laugh

there of purpose with *Egnatius*, to shew her white teeth. The ayre of her pride is commonly inclosed in the base bubble attire, whose generation is produced from her owne corruption. God hath made her a woman out of man, bringing woe to man: yet she thinks her selfe not a perfect woman except the Taylor (scarce a man himself) whose originall was sinne, make her a brave gallant woman. Shee is never the greater part of her selfe, but the least. Like the bird of Paradise, her feathers are more worth then her body. Whosoever paints this constant-

ly inconstant Woman, must paint her with a paire of sheeres in one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, ready for any new fashion: she counterfeits the great scale of Nature, and walkes with an artificiall complexion, being no better then a walking Painters shop. Our women are so pointed and painted, that whereas heretofore there were two faces under one hood, now there is one face under two hoods; and the colour for their painting is, that they may be daughters of admiration, and so they are for their folly. Optickes

is this womans science, the next new-fangled fashion, and the reflexion of her face, terminates her sight, and is the scope of her study & discourse. Because sweet smels are dedicated to *Venus*, she is never without them. *Non bene olet quæ bene semper olet:* shee smels not well, which alwaies smels wel: for shee which breathes perfumes artificially, hath corrupted lungs naturalle. Shee that weares alwayes gaudy cloths, may nourish the French Caniball. *Fœmina culta nimis fœmina casta minus.* Too slender chastity still accompanies too gaudy bra-

bravery. The Poets fained *Venus* to commit adultery in golden chains. *Lewis* the eleventh was wont to say, when pride was on her saddle, shame and confusion was on the crupper. This pestilent vapour pride must vanish, or else women with their top-gallant head-attires, cannot stoop low enough to enter into the narrow low gate of heaven.

A prodigall man.

A Prodigall man is moſt commonly the ſon of a covetous wretch, who ſate brooding upon his bagges, and onely knew the care, but not the uſe of gold. It is the wealthy beggery of thriving and griping fathers, that makes the hands of ſonnes ſo open. The father becomes a Mole and ſonne of earth, that digges his mothers intrals to turne up treaſure for his prodigall ſonne, and with induſtrious eyes he ſearches

searches to hell, to buy his sonne heaven upon earth. When wealth like a torrent overthrowes the banke, as it would threat a deluge; this swaggering spendthrift (who by morall Alchymie is extracted a Gentleman almost out of the dunghill) invents sluces enow to draine the copious stream thereof. He will bid his pockets not bee sad, for though they are heavie now, they shall be soone lighter. Hee will sweare never to weare any thing that jingles besides his spurres. As the Earth swallowed *Amphiaraus*, so he swallows the earth,

and makes his purse sicke of a consumption not to be recovered. The prodigall man is one that exceeds in giving moneys. He is better then the covetous man, who exceeds in receiving; becaufe prodigality comes nearest to liberality. For they are liberall which give and receive, nothing exceeding the golden mediocrity. But liberality leans more towards them that give, then them that receive; for they that receive (faith *Ariſtotle*) are not praise-worthy at all. The vertue which consists in a Geometrical mediocrity in all things

Ariſt. l. 4. Ethic. c. 1.

Ibid.

is best: according to the Poet,

——*Modus optima regula rerum.*

The prodigal man thinks it a disparagement to his nature to observe any golden meane: for hee thinkes it the best morall Philosophy to spend his gold and meanes; and that he may be the better proficient in this Art of spending, hee gets the elective habit of chusing such brave companions, that like skilfull Pilots will steere both him and his estate into safe harbour. Therefore I may say to him as *Martial* doth unto *Cinna*,

Nam

p.lib.9. *Nam tu dum metuis ne*
quid post fata relinquas
Hausisti patrias luxu-
riosus opes.

ur. He being afraid left he shoulde leave any thing after death, will bee sure with *Demetrius* the sonne of *Antigonus*, to spend his patrimony in riot, luxurie, and all extravagant enormities. Hee would dispeople al the elements to please his palate. Midnight shall behold his nightly cups, and weare a blacker maske, as envious of his jollity. He wil cast his love upon such dangerous rockes as harlots,

to

to satisfie his liquorish lusts. He will ever be a devout sacrificer to *Bacchus* and *Venus*. He dyes commonly as *Anacreon* did, with a grape in his throat. If it were true as the Philosopher sayes, τὸ τρέφον θεός ἐστι, *Quod nutrit Deus est*, that which nourishes is a god: how many gods doth this man devour? and yet becomes more ungodly thereby. When this profuse spender dyes, he will be sure to have *Tigellius* his mourners to sigh out elegies at his death, and to sing dirges at his funerall.

Ambubajarúm Collegia, &c. Horat. l. 1. Ser. Sat. 2.

Truth.

Truth.

TRuth is defined in Metaphysicks, a conformity of the thing and the understanding. In Logicke it is a correspondence of propositions with things. In a morall acception it is an Homiliticall vertue, wherein we professe that in word and deed which we conceive in our hearts to bee true. Hence it is one thing *mentiri* and another thing *mendacium dicere*. He is said to lye and faine, which speaks that against his

his conscience which perhaps otherwise is true in it selfe, this is false *Ethicè* but not alwayes *Logicè*. Hee is said to tell a lye, who speakes that which hee thinkes true when it is false in it selfe. This is false *Logicè* but not *Ethicè*. It is in the minde as in *subjecto cognitivo*, in the mouth as in *signo repræsentativo*. The minde knowes, the mouth manifests. Verily as *Mirandula* spake, *Veritatem Philosophia quærit, Theologia invenit, Religio possidet*. Philosophy seeks Truth, Divinity findes it, Religion possesses it. Truth it

is

is called καλον, in *Plato* fair, kisse it therefore and ever embrace it, making it thy soules sole intelligence.

The Roman Pretor wont alwayes weare the image of Truth upon his brest, and the true Christian weares it still in *scrinio pectoris sui*, in the closet of his heart. The Poets ingeniously devise, that when *Iupiter* had created man (who is virtually πᾶν ζῶον, or an Index to Gods great booke in folio) finde fault, *Momus* told him that one thing hee greatly misliked, which was, that hee had forgot to

Egyptii veritatem ex humano corde gutturi appenso ἱερογλυφικῶς indicabant Pier. Val.

to frame a window in his breast, whereby it might be knowne whether the motions of his tongue were concentricke to his heart.

Truth is alwayes one and the same thing in her self, though in the apprehension of others she lies sicke ready to dye without a confessor; shee doth not like the Chameleon put on divers colours, for no palsey fears assault her, she seekes no corners, but may looke *Cæsar* in the face, when falshood dares looke no man, but like the Owle hates the light, setting light by Truth. Κλέπτων γαῖς Euripides.

Chimæleon præ metu colores mutat. Gesnerus.

γὰρ ἡ νύξ ἀλλὰ τ. ἀληθείας τὸ φῶς

The night is the theeves, and the day Truthes, though sometimes shee loses it. Truth is a fixed starre not a planet, and all people love it *lucentem* not *reaarguentem*, light is good, but yet to sore eyes very offensive; hony though sweet, is to wounds smarting: Truth is alwayes wholesome, but to most distasteful; as they write of some beasts who have *fel in aure*, the gall in the eare, the hearing of Truth galls them, nothing being more bitter to them, and better for them. Sweet *Syren* sounds

sounds is the harmony whereof their souls consist, they stomacke truth and the rough phrase of reproofe, but their stomackes can digest smooth fables and concoct errors.

Sed quid opus teneras mordi radere vero Auriculas. Persius Sat. 1.

Sharpe biting Satyrs of reprehension offend delicate eares. It was *Agathons Dilemma*, if I please thee I shall not tell the truth, and if I tell the truth I shall not please thee, but procure enmity, *Veritas odium parit*: Ter.

As

As the beautifull Nymphs are said to have brought forth the ill favoured Fawnes and Satyrs; so beautifull and glorious truth brings forth hatred, enmity and many foule deformities. *Aliena vitia quisque reprehendi mavult quam sua*, Every man had rather other mens vices were reproved then his owne. Truth like that bloudy water sweet and potable to the Hebrwes, saith *Iosephus*, but sowre and not potable with the Egyptians. Truth in the universall, *sub ratione veri* is hated of none, but in the particular, *sub ratione*

Quintilian. l. 2. Orat. c. 5.

tione contrarii, so it is usually hated of all. The bright rayes of this Sun that never setteth, reflecting on a wise man who hath learned that heavenly precept, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, illuminate his understanding with a greater light of wisedome: but in the breast of fooles they kindle a fire of ire and enmity. *Quintilian* gave *Vespasian* this commendation, *Patientissimus veri*, which few men in these dayes deserve, being so bad; for as the Poet,

Rari quippe boni numero vix sunt totidem quot Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostia Nili. Juven. Sat. 13.

good

good men are so rare, that they are scarce so many in number as the gates of Thebes, or mouthes of rich Nilus, which were but seven. *Epaminondas* a Theban was so severe and strict a lover of truth, *Vt ne joco quidem mentitus sit:* that he abhorred a lye even in jest. I would have all men put on this armour of proofe, and then they need not feare wounding. Truth (like *Medusa's* head) will turne their adversaries into stones: and againe, like *Orpheus* his pipe, it moves the stones, and gives life unto the dead. Let this glorious light then, which

Alex. ab Alex.

shines

shines brighteſt between two clouds, Malice, Errour, be thy *Cynosura* and Load-ſtaire, to guide thy ſoul the mother of truth, and thy tongue the Midwife.

Againſt

An Invective against ignorant Mechanickes who presume to prate in Churches and Conventicles.

HOW now? goodman cobler, have I catcht you stitching together the Ends of tub sermons, to the end your hollownesse might sound forth an alarum to the supposed Saints of God who wear Christs colours, but fight under the Devils banner? Doe

Doe you deeme your self and your ignorant adherents to be all in Aule, and to be the Sole Elect at the Last? Be not deecived, God is not mocked. Are you so light-headed as to thinke your selfe a light of the Church, and the onely starre which points the way to Christ? Certaine I am, if there were no brighter starres, and more shining lights in this heaven upon earth, our Church now truly militant, then thou art, wee should all walke in darkneſſe, and in the shadow of death: we should soon suffer shipwracke on the craggy clifts of utter perdition,

dition, in the Euxine sea of ignorance, if we should be as Load-stones turning to you as our Pole-starre: if you will bee a Starre, you shall bee a Dogge-starre, whose influence is so bad, that it hinders the purgation of any malignant humours; and begets more. If I must grant you some light, you are at the best but an *Ignis fatuus* of blinde zeale, seduced your selfe, and seducing others. You are indeed but a noysome vapour elevated above your selfe, so that all the world may thinke you to bee as you are, besides your selfe.

You

You are a worse plague unto our Land, then ever was any thing unto Ægypt, and therefore I will say with the Poet,

—— *Di talem avertite pestem.*

You are the very *Hydra* of our ills, and you doe endeavour to make this Land *Lernam malorum*, a filthy sinke of all evils; therefore you deserve to sinke and not swim. The Church of God is an Arke, and you are one of the uncleane beasts in it. O touch not the Church with your unhallowed and foule hands. *Atlas* is the pillar of the Poets Empy-

reall Palace. A childe must not take *Atlas* his burden upon his owne shoulders, for then hee will be sure to fall under it. Neither should you take the weighty calling of the Ministery upon you, being not called thereunto. You being unlearned ought to teach none. If you offer to lead the learned, your attempt is as much as if the blind should presume to lead him that can see: if you endeavor to lead the unlearned into the way of truth, it is as much as if the blind should offer to lead the blind, & thē the consequent will be, you will both

both fall into the ditch together. Therefore I will say unto you, as Saint *Paul* unto women; You are not to speake in the Church. You by your pernicious aire and feculent doctrines strive to defile the silver streames of learning, and to poyson the pure fountaine of truth and found religion.

Your Commentaries upon the sacred Bible, are like to an handfull of filthy ordure fetcht from *Augæus* Stable, and cast in the face of beauties faireſt table; yet you would faine bee called *Seer* though you are moſt blinde, for to bee

ignorant of ones ignorance is a double blindeneſſe.

Are you ſo well read in the booke of life, as that you can like a *Boanarges*, or ſonne of thunder, denounce damnation to thoſe that are not of your blinde Sect: And like a *Barnabas*, or ſonne of conſolation, can you promiſe abſolution to your ſelves? You are not skild I am ſure in divine Aſtrolabe, neither can you take with the *Iacobs* ſtaffe of your pretended purity, the height of any ſtarre in the firmament of Grace, you are not able to knocke downe

downe one ſtarre and place another. You and all of your mad Sect are ſeedſters of ſchiſme and debate: You raile againſt the Common-prayer Booke, becauſe it was uſed and abuſed in the time of Popery; you may as well acknowledge Chriſt not to bee the Sonne of the living God, becauſe the Divell ſaid it; and becauſe the Papiſts weare cloathes, you may if you will goe naked, and then you will be as naked of cloathes as of reaſon. As the Chinois whippe their gods if they diſpleaſe them, ſo you whip any

godly men, wounding them with your tongues which have poyſon of aſpes under them. Though a Biſhop bee a lamp of our land, a pillar of the Church erected by divine hand, and a Trophey built unto all the vertues, yet if any word of his be an *apage* to you, and the cogitations of his heart bee excentricke to yours (yours being excentricke to the holy Scripture) you cry downe with him downe with him even to the ground. This is your blindeneſſe; like the fooliſh blinde Beldam *Harpaſtes* in *Seneca*, you impute

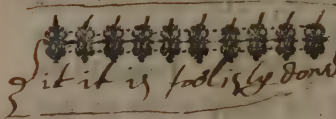
pute your blindeneſſe wherewith you are overcaſt, unto the place where you are and not unto your ſelfe. The light of the Goſpel was never clearer in England then now it is: But now I am conſtrained to confeſſe, the clearer the light is, the blinder are the Owles. I would to God there were an order taken with all Green teachers that ſteppe into the Pulpit without order, being never ripened by the reſplendent beames of ſaving knowledge to perfection. If I have too much vinegar in my inke, or if rude

phraſe

phrase hath defiled and defaced my stile with barbarisme,

Pray pardon me, for in this argument

To bee Barbarian is most eloquent.



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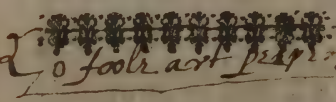
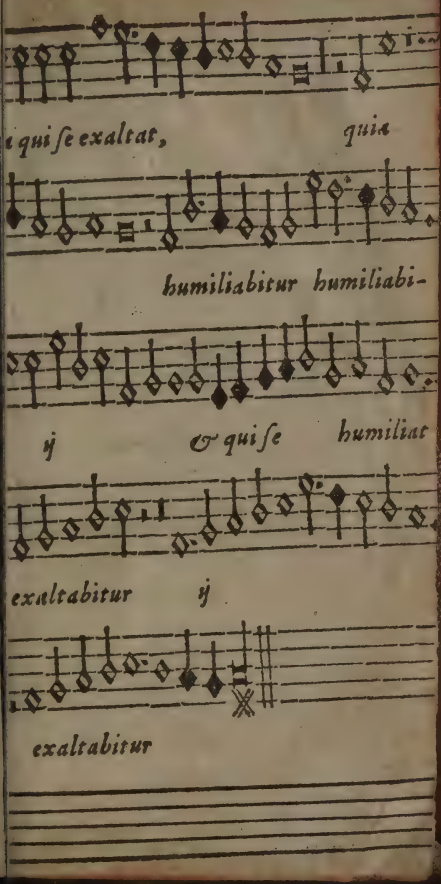
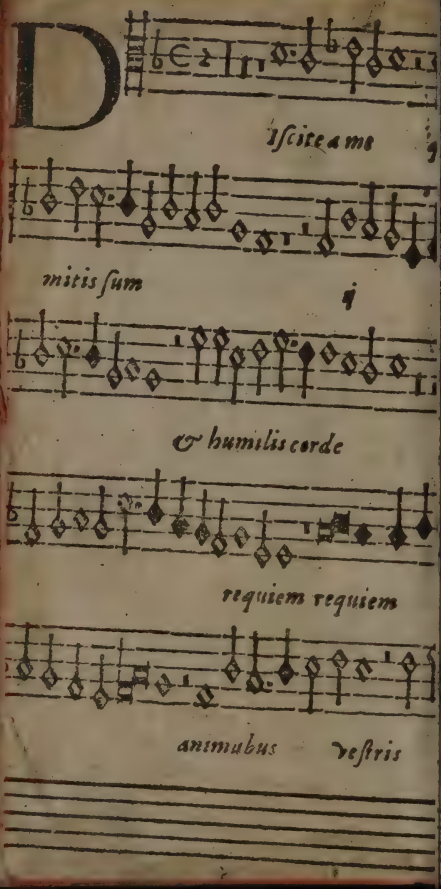
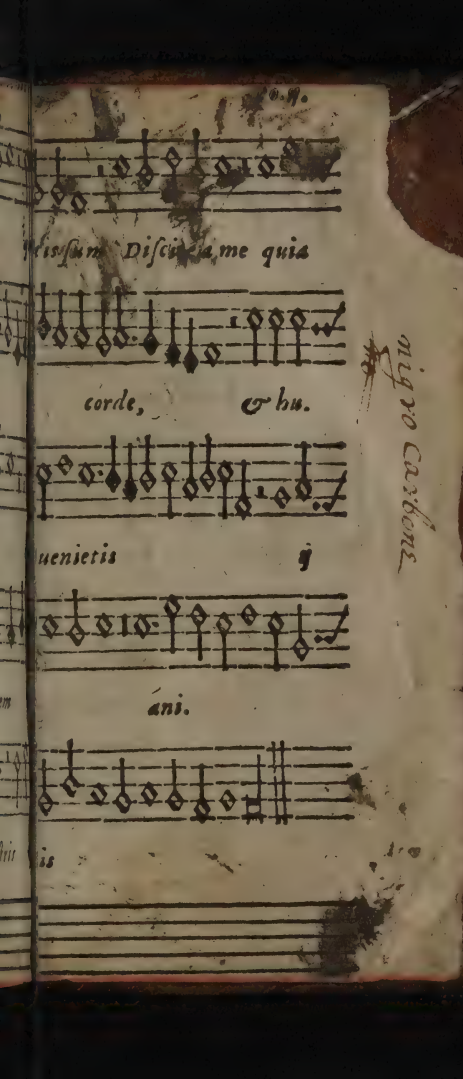


Owen Ep.

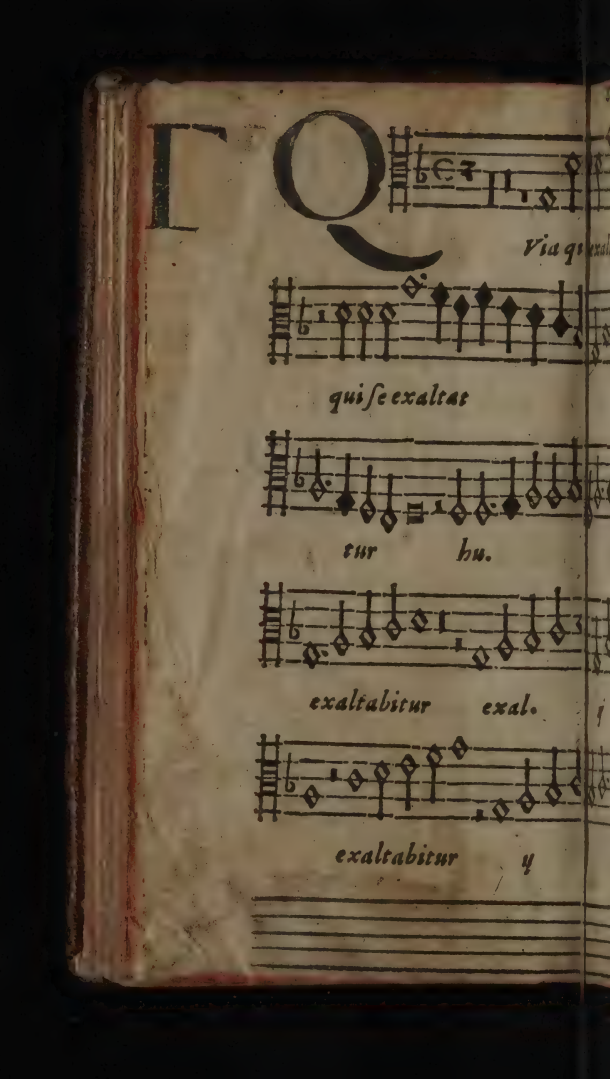
Sit verbum, vox viva licet vox mortua scriptum.
Scripta diu vivunt, non ita verba diu.


qui se exaltat, quia
humiliabitur humiliabi-
j & qui se humiliat
exaltabitur j
exaltabitur


Discite a me
mitis sum
& humilis corde
requiem requiem
animabus vestris

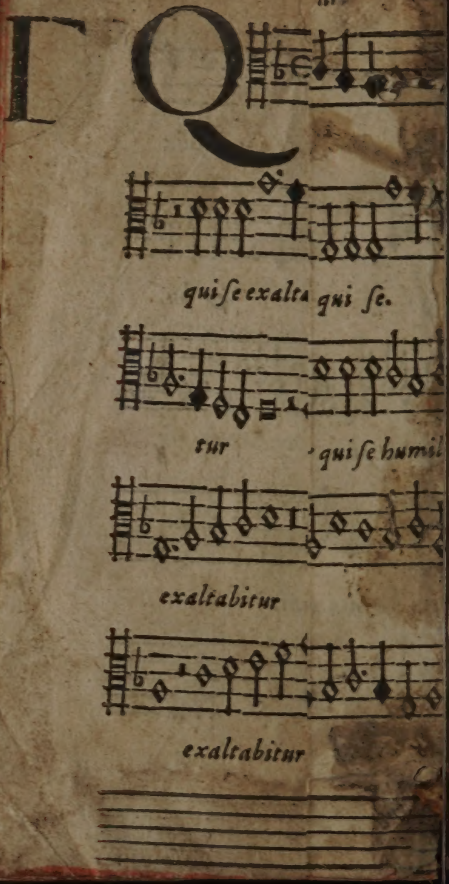


Discite a me quia
corde, & hu.
uenietis
ani.


Via qui
qui se exaltat
tur hu.
exaltabitur exal.
exaltabitur

Secunda

xaltat


Q
qui se exalta qui se.
tur qui se humil
exaltabitur
exaltabitur